

The Plainsman Looks Around

HOW DO YOU SAY "CENTENARY"? :: WEDDING ON RECORD
NORTHERN TERRITORY :: UNUSUAL ASSIGNMENT :: ROYAL
FILM :: TRAFFIC MOMENT

CenTENary, cenTEENary, cenTEN-nial, cenTEENial? Goodness knows. Half the people in the street say one and half say the other, so we hurried to the Public Library to peer into dictionaries. Mr American Webster told us how to say centenary in several peculiar and different American ways and added, in a bracket and in italics ("esp. Eng.") words to the effect that we British should say cenTEENary or CENteen-ary. We have said the second one once or twice and it seems a specially hissy sort of word. Then we turned to the gentlemen of Oxford who put their dictionary together. They also pressed us to say CENteenary with cenTEENary as an afterthought. Both Mr Webster and Messrs Oxford

allowed that centennial is simple—centENNial.

By this time we were steeped in the thing so we turned to an Italian book of words and we found that those sons of the warm-blooded south of Europe get over the problem quite happily by saying centenarior for both words. Hazy recollections of Latin learnt at school, however, would suggest that there is a hitch somewhere in the end of plurals and declinations—perhaps Italian would offer the same upsets. Why not solve the whole thing by going Norwegian? They say hundrears-fest (though we mustn't forget a little dotty-kind-of-o-on top of the a). We rather like that word—the same for both centenary and centennial. It can be shot out of the side of the mouth

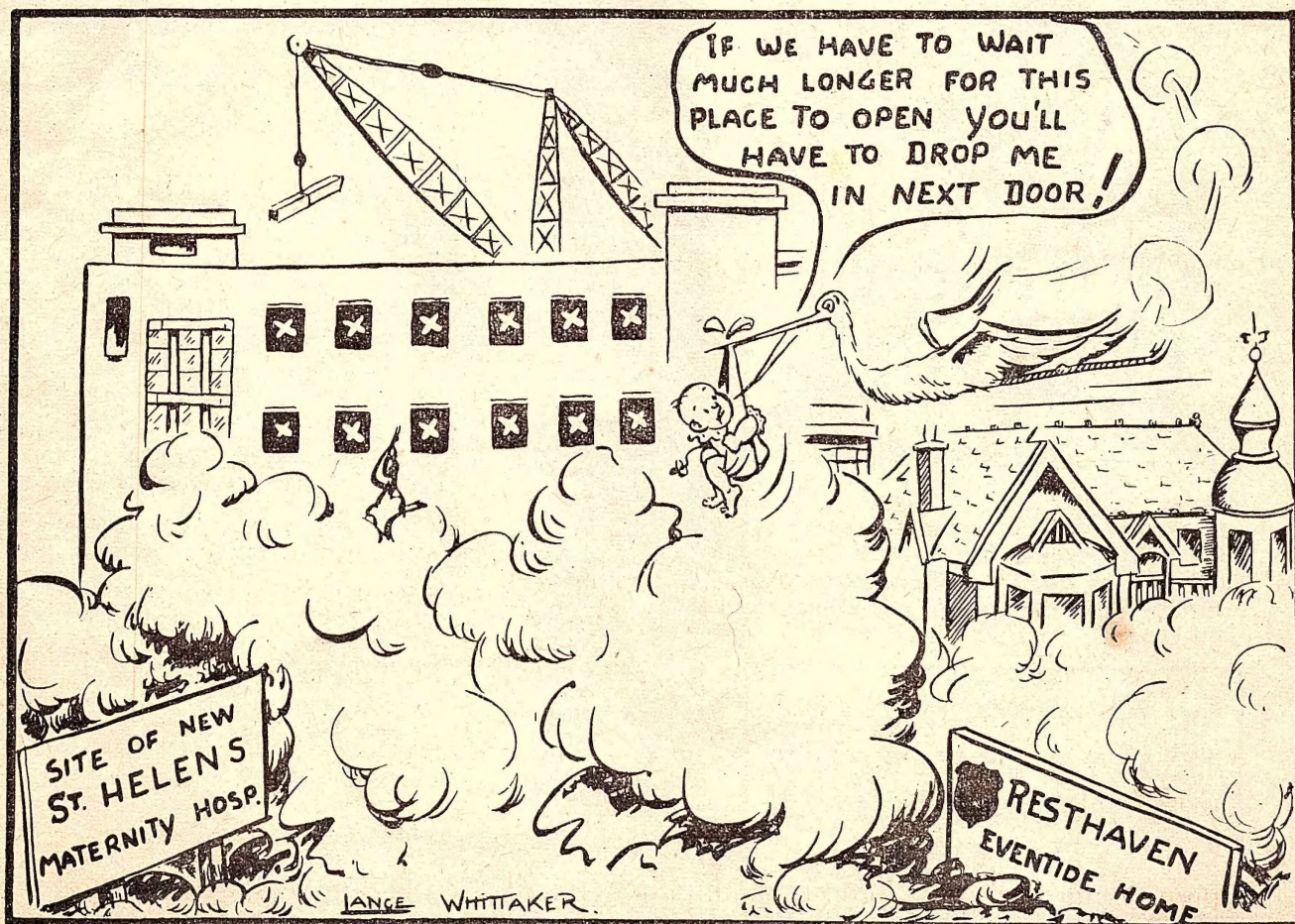
in wonderful fashion, though it is difficult to know if the finished pronunciation sounds like a passenger on a storm-tossed Hinemoa or a shepherd calling his dogs to come in behind. But we did look it up in the dictionary for you and you can take your choice now. The "Plainsman" always likes to help.

* * *

HOW did I sound at the altar?" is an question usually asked by brides and grooms after their weddings—but at least one couple in Canterbury knows the answer beyond all doubt, for their wedding has been recorded. This was done recently at Leithfield, and is the first time that a wedding has been recorded in Canterbury, probably in New Zealand. A mobile unit was called to do the job, and by the time the bride and groom entered the church there was little evidence that their biggest moment was about to be immortalised. The whole ceremony was transferred in sound on to gramophone records like any seen in shops, and the effect was realistic, even the coughing in the church coming through and giving the records "atmosphere."

After the ceremony several people

(Please Turn To Page 5)



The St. Helens Maternity Hospital (under construction) and the Resthaven Eventide Home (for aged folk) are situated side by side in Colombo Street, Christchurch.

100 YEARS OF AGRICULTURAL, INDUSTRIAL AND CULTURAL PROGRESS



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N.Z. Centennial Galloping Cup and N.Z. Centennial Trotting Cup, Nov. 4-11; Royal Centennial A. & P. Show, Nov. 8-10; and National Symphony Orchestra Season (CARNIVAL WEEK).

International Philatelic Exhibition, Nov. 18-25; Speedway, N.Z. v. Australia, Nov. 18 approx.; Opening of vast Centennial Amusement Park, Nov. 30 approx.; Replica of Breakfast and Ball aboard "Randolph," Nov. 30 approx.; Replica of Lyttelton Landing, Procession and Ball, Trek over Bridle Path, Dec. 16; Cathedral Centennial Service, Dec. 17.

One Hundred Years of Progress Procession, Dec. 18; Old-time Musical Festival, Dec. 18; Plunket Shield Cricket and Whippet Racing Championships, Dec. 22 (start).

Centennial Games (international), Dec. 26-Jan. 3; Wellington-Lyttelton Yacht Race, River Carnival, N.Z. Yachting Events, etc., Jan. 24 approx.

Exhibition of Canterbury Art, Jan.-Feb.-March; Fireworks Monster Display, Feb. 15; Floral Week, Flower Pageant, Horticultural Show, Feb. 19-24.

Inter-Dominion Trotting Championships, Feb. 10, 17 and 24; N.Z. Surfing and Archery Championships, Feb. 19-24 approx.; Military Pageant, Feb. 26-March 3; National Highland and Pipe Bands Championships, etc., March 2-7; Choral Concert Season, March 10-19; Printing and Early Books Exhibition, March 14-16 approx.; Cricket, M.C.C. v. Canterbury, March 26 approx., etc., etc.

ALL EYES WILL BE ON CANTERBURY!

THE PLAINSMAN LOOKS AROUND (CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE)

outside the church wondered what had been happening when they saw mysterious-looking equipment being taken from the building—but their curiosity was soon satisfied when they listened to the wedding played back at the reception, half an hour later. Few of them had known that recordings were being made, and there were many gasps of amazement as they heard the bride's and groom's voices coming over the amplifier.

One of the guests was heard to make a profound remark: "I think it's a jolly good thing," he said. "In the future, if there are any domestic storms brewing all they have to do is put those records on the gramophone and hear their wedding vows—then all will be sweet again!"

* * *

WE think you will enjoy William A. Gamble's story on Mounted Constable Tasman Fitzer, the first part of which is presented in this issue. Tas. Fitzer is a Christchurch man, who has won distinction for his services in Australia's Northern Territory. In the preparation of his story, William Gamble obtained much willing assistance from Bruce Painter of Christchurch, who has been a friend of Tas's for many years. Among the magazines which Bruce sends over to the Australian way-back is "The Plainsman." With others, it is carried from settlement to settlement through the lonely reaches of the territory.

* * *

AN Australian business man, with an eye to the local beer shortage, planned Christmas home brew and wrote to Christchurch associates, "Please air-mail some hops." Two packets went over; postage £1/7/3. This week came a cheque in payment,

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COVER

HOW ABOUT ME? A delightful shot taken on the shores of the Estuary by Christchurch photographer, Frank McGregor.

with a sad covering letter. The hops arrived safely and in time, but the Australian customs people cheerfully threw them away, with the allegation that they had "some sort of fungoid growth."

* * *

IT'S difficult to avoid feeling a little superior when you see a motion picture film of your own city, especially when it is photographed in rich colour. We sensed that feeling when we sat in the audience which previewed the Christchurch City Council film which is being sent to the Royal Family. And it is a film we have reason to be proud of. There are many really beautiful shots of the Avon, the city area, the homes and gardens. One in particular delighted us; it shows two rowing eights on the Avon and between them two ducks being tossed about in a tumult of water.

There are some faults in the film, but our guess is that there is sound reason for them. In the first place, there is the rather disjointed dodging from place to place and season to season in attempt to cram as much as possible into twenty minutes running time. We have a feeling that certain organisations applied some pressure for representation, which must have made the producers' task even more difficult. Then there is the unfortunate dubbing of the sound track (done in Australia we understand) which, in

the second part of the film causes the commentator to run a few seconds behind the camera. The most amusing effect comes in a scene where we see a group of people shuffling through Sideshow Alley at the show and hear the commentator say, "Sheep like this have made Canterbury famous . . . etc."

But in all it is a fine film admirably fulfilling its purpose. We hope the technical faults may be corrected, and while that is being done, there may be a chance to better the trite title of "Christchurch and Its Environs."

* * *

THERE was a joyous moment at Christchurch's Bank of New Zealand corner the other day. A traffic policeman was seated at the microphone in his car calling upon people to correct their traffic errors. Just in front of him, a woman driver pulled up suddenly and stalled her car across the pedestrian crossing. Came the traffic cop's voice: "Will the lady in the blue car, please shift back off the pedestrian crossing?" In a shocked flurry, the woman went into action, and backed—right into the traffic cop's car. Moved to loud speech, and forgetful of the fact that the microphone was still live, the cop let these words ring out across the city's busiest intersection—"Look what the silly so-and-so has done now."

YES, IT'S BIG NEWS!

FROM next month onwards you will see THE PLAINSMAN in a new, enlarged form. It will have grown from 36 pages to 52 pages monthly, and it will offer a whole batch of new and interesting features to its readers.

This is Canterbury's big year, and we of THE PLAINSMAN, strong in our faith in the province, are determined to bring to you what we believe will be an outstanding provincial magazine service.

All the popular existing features of the present journal will be maintained. The increased size will enable us to bring you many more, including more articles, interviews and short stories; a new and different Country Chat feature; an exclusive pattern service; film reviews; notes on new music and records; a new photo. feature "Covering Canterbury With a Camera," and our own CENTENNIAL CAVALCADE, bringing you month by month full details of the Centennial celebrations.

All this will mean an increase in price. It is a small one, from 6d. to 9d. monthly. It is for you to decide whether you will be getting your money's worth. We believe you will.

As from March 1st, the subscription rate for THE PLAINSMAN will be 9/- per year, covering twelve 52-page issues. A letter will be sent to each existing subscriber, detailing the future position.

We thank readers and advertisers for the confidence they have placed in us. We are working hard to ensure that our plans are worthy of a continuance of their support.

By William A. Gamble



TAS. FITZER of the Australian Way-Back

There are Canterbury people scattered throughout the world, but few have as interesting a story to tell as this mounted constable.

WHEN Constable Tasman Fitzter of the Australian Police Force returned to Christchurch recently, it was his first visit to his home town for 12 years. With him on holiday was his Australian-born wife. They are two of the most interesting personalities to visit this city for some time.

As a youngster in Christchurch, Tas. Fitzter attended the East Christchurch school. He then went to the Christchurch Technical College for three years, after which he was employed in a public accountants' office. In 1912 he went to Australia and at the outbreak of World War 1, enlisted with the Australian forces. On his return from overseas, Tas. met up with some former Army pals who persuaded him to go to Thursday Island. He held a clerical position there for the next four years and then became a little restless for adventure. The police force was the next to

attract his attention so he went to Darwin. On being asked to sign on for three years he said he was not certain whether he would like the life and preferred to try it for twelve months. This agreement was accepted. Whether he likes the life or not can be in little doubt for he has been a mounted constable in the Northern Territory for 28 years.

Tas. Fitzter who is 6ft. 2ins., has a son, Desmond, a law student in Sydney who is one inch taller than his father. Tas. could not be termed a talkative man, but his experiences as a mounted policeman have been so outstanding that many people ask him to tell them about his life around Daly River, where he is stationed. Given an informal atmosphere, Tas. will talk naturally and in a most interesting manner. It was in Christchurch that one group was enthralled with his true tales of Northern Australia.

The Northern Territory of Australia

has an area of 523,620 square miles which is approximately five times as large as New Zealand. There is a mixed population which includes about 5,000 whites, 14,000 natives and 1500 half-castes. Darwin, with an average annual rainfall of 60 inches, is the main town and port. About 100 miles along the coast, south-west of Darwin, is the Daly River, about four times the size of the Waikato River.

Eighty miles up the river is the police station where the well-constructed house stands ten feet off the ground. It is built on 40 concrete pillars which, in addition to permitting free circulation of air under the building to keep it cool, are also a precaution against snakes and white ants. These ants are particularly troublesome in the wet season and if given the opportunity will completely ravish a building in twelve months. Attached to the house is one big verandah and nearby grow flamboyant tropical



TRACKING PARTY: Constable Tasman Fitzter (right) and some black trackers have brought in a group of native prisoners. Spearing cattle is one of their favourite crimes.

THE FIRST OF TWO ARTICLES TELLING THE STORY OF A CANTERBURY MAN'S UNUSUAL OCCUPATION

trees, which add a blaze of colour and beauty to the surroundings. Lighting in the house is supplied by kerosene lamps and there is a kerosene refrigerator.

As the Northern Territory is in the torrid zone, two main seasons are experienced. The "wet" season is from November to April and the "dry" season, from May to October. In the dry season many tourists are attracted to the locality which offers plenty of sport in the form of shooting birds, marsupials, crocodiles and other game. Some visitors travel from as far as Adelaide in their own cars.

At the Daly River police station the staff includes two native trackers, three yard boys who carry out general duties, and three housemaids. Constable Tas. Fitzer's duties are varied—medical officer, health officer, inspector of stock, protector of aborigines, registrar of births, deaths and marriages, excise officer and postmaster, and many other unlisted duties. General patrols take him to cattle stations and native villages and on these patrols he travels on horseback taking with him as many as 20 horses and mules. Mules, unlike horses, do not have to be shod which makes them especially useful as pack-horses. There are often thirty or forty horses and mules kept at the police station. Some of course are given spells while the others are working.

There are times when Tas. is called out to settle differences among the natives or investigate crimes—some petty, some serious. The belief in magic is still existent among the blacks and sometimes this is believed to cause sickness and even death. Part of the constable's work is to wipe out some of these useless native customs. Station owners are often worried by natives who unscrupulously spear cattle, taking only the tastiest portions and leaving the remainder of the carcass lying where it fell. While out on patrols Tas. does not use a compass, he prefers to use certain features of the country as landmarks. A dry creek with an unusually shaped tree nearby, the formation of a certain mountain range, and other natural characteristics serve as reference points. On completion of these trips there is still plenty to do for often there are reports to be completed.

The aborigines are outstanding hunters and trackers. Sometimes called "blacks" and "blackfellows," the police, especially, appreciate the trackers' abilities. Those who are particularly clever can track from horseback which of course makes progress much more rapid. The black tracker who follows such clues as a bent twig, a stone that has been dislodged, or faint footprints is using

skill which has been developed to a high degree through having to be alert to hunt and gather food. As interpreters when interviewing natives from different tribes, they are particularly valuable to the police. In the early days in Australia it has been estimated that there were 300,000 aborigines. To-day there are only about 52,000. Some of them reach six feet but the average is around five feet, six inches.

Sometimes the task of breaking in horses is a tough one. Although some of the colts are difficult to handle, Tas. will not ask any native to do what he will not attempt himself. He always sticks to this self-made rule which applies to anything—not only with horses. An incident which he regards as one of his most painful experiences is vivid in his memory.

semi-delirious the natives were alarmed. His temperature was high and he was in agony with the pain from his leg. He scribbled a note which he sent with one of his trackers who travelled continually over difficult terrain to the "Tipperary" cattle station, 30 miles away. There the native contacted Sister Eileen Styles from Pine Creek hospital. She happened to be at the station nursing the manager who had been ill for some time.

Three days later, at 2.30 a.m., the native returned to the police station, ran up the steps to the house and said: "I been got 'em letter from Missus alonga Tipperary station." Tas. read the note. It was from Sister Styles who described how, with 14 natives, she had managed to penetrate bog and swollen creeks to get within nine miles



DELICACIES: Turtle eggs are popular, indeed. Here you see turtle, eggs, and the native consumers.

"I was breaking in a wild colt which had kicked my tracker the previous day. After manoeuvring him into the yard and putting up the slip rails, I turned to face the horse. From the way he looked I could tell he was going to be hard to handle. He charged me. When I dropped to get down under the rails, he lashed out and kicked me on the knee. Well, I lay on the verandah for 17 days with only my trackers to attend to me. I cannot recall when I suffered more agony—not even when the blacks speared my foot back in 1923."

This was during the wet season so there was no chance of using transport. Neither was it any use contacting the "Flying Doctor" at Darwin because the wet season also prevented the plane from being landed near the police station. When Tas. became

of the police station. But as they had stuck in the bottom of Blackfella Creek and the party was near exhaustion, Sister Styles suggested that Constable Fitzer get his natives to improvise a stretcher. This was done and, to use his own words . . .

"The natives did a man-size job. Ankle deep in bog they carried me the nine miles in torrential rain which fell continually. At swollen creeks they lifted me above their heads so that they could get me across safely. After four hours and twenty minutes of arduous progress, they reached 'Blackfella Creek' where Sister Styles gave me a shot of morphia. The leg was in poor shape and required two operations to put it right again."

Mrs Fitzer is the former Sister Eileen Styles who nursed Tasman Fit-

(Continued Overleaf)

CONTINUING THE STORY OF TAS. FITZER

zer on that arduous trip back to Darwin hospital, 150 miles by bush road from the police station. They were married shortly after his recovery from the injury. A delightful personality, Mrs Fitzer is the only white woman in the Daly River locality and is respected by both whites and blacks. Before she married Tas., she was the nursing sister in charge of Pine Creek hospital, headquarters of Dr. Clyde Fenton, the original "Flying Doctor." Mrs Fitzer flew quite a lot with Dr. Fenton and he refers to her in his book, "Flying Doctor" as "the sister from Pine Creek." Although she does not at present hold any official nursing position, she is frequently called on by the residents around Daly River for medical attention.

Darwin or from the nearest post office, Adelaide River which is 72 miles away. Sometimes natives are sent to the "Tipperary" cattle station, where they connect with the station's own mail runners. Constable Fitzer often has quite a heavy outward mail with personal correspondence and the regular monthly official reports and returns to be sent to the head offices of the different departments he represents.

In the wet season, particularly in the Daly River territory, quite a lot of spare time goes into reading. Mr Bruce Painter of Christchurch and Tas. Fitzer are firm friends who have been corresponding with each other regularly for the past twelve years. Mr Painter is always searching for reading material to send to Daly

rent is generated by two pedals in a motion much like that in riding a bicycle. This method of communication has saved the lives of many people. By contacting the "Flying Doctor" or other medical authorities, the necessary instructions for the treatment of a patient are given. This is simplified by the special type of medicine chest which is kept at every police station, cattle station, and in some of the homes. Bottles and containers in the chest are given a reference number and by using this number the medical adviser can dispense the prescription, deciding what should be given when the person at the other end describes the patient's complaint. Wireless is also useful to send or receive general information and police messages. The pedal wireless has done more than anything else to relieve isolation. Now it is possible for settlers, farmers and others to converse with distant neighbours each of whom operates from a special wave length.

Another method of communication, used by the natives, is the "stick letter," sometimes termed "bush wireless." The stick which is about four to six inches long, has certain symbols burnt or carved on it. On the front of this letter are "written" details which are based on information gathered by the "writer." It may be data which describes singing and dancing of natives or other activities. On the other side of the stick may be reference to direction, the route to take and other useful facts. The stick has often been used as a means of declaring war on another tribe. Where long distance communication is necessary, smoke signals are used by the natives, the spirals and clouds of smoke being visible for many miles.

Fish of all kinds are found in the Daly River. The tastiest is the barramundi which ranges from one pound to 50 pounds in weight. It is splendid eating being boneless except for the backbone. When Tas. wants fish he merely informs his trackers, or the other natives, who spear as many as required. The specially designed three-prong spear used to catch the fish, is shaped from heavy fencing wire, and has a wooden shaft about 6 feet long. During floods, the muddy colour of the water makes it impossible to see the fish, so the blacks catch them on a line.

On one occasion Tas. received a letter from a keen fisherman, a member of an angling club in Victoria who requested a variety of feathers for making flies and lures. By the time the natives had finished collecting, they had sufficient multi-coloured feathers to keep that fisherman going for the remainder of his life making fishing equipment!

(To Be Concluded)



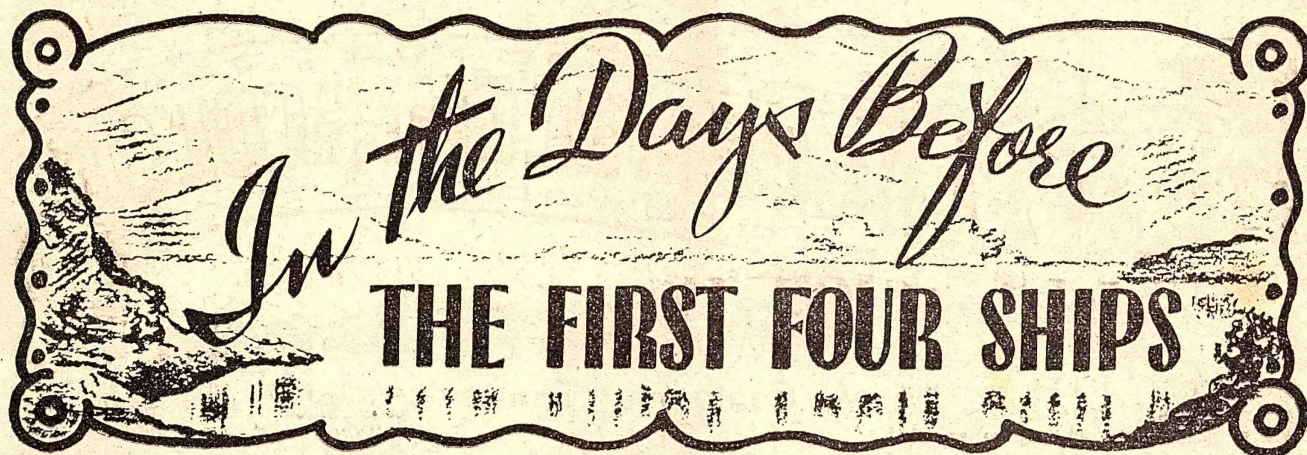
BACK IN CHRISTCHURCH: Mr and Mrs Tas. Fitzer, photographed with Brian Salkeld (left) and Molly McNab (right) in the studios of 3ZB.

Dr. Fenton is an outstanding personality and a daring man whose work is known throughout the world. He is particularly popular in the Northern Territory of Australia where he has given such splendid service to both blacks and whites. His patients are often situated in parts of the country where landing is difficult—perhaps in a riverbed, a cattle yard or a small patch in the bush. There have been occasions when he has treated a patient and then enlisted the services of natives to help him clear a runway for the aeroplane to get away again.

Life at the lonely outpost is seldom dull for Tas. Fitzer's interests are varied. One thing is lacking and that is a good postal service. Residents must rely on somebody coming from

River where peanut farmers, crocodile shooters and stockmen call on the Fitzers and ask, "Has Bruce sent any more books?" They have come to rely on Mr Painter for reading material which the Fitzers pass on to them. And should Mr Painter ever visit the Northern Territory then a hearty welcome is assured, for the men there feel that though they have not met him, they would like to, because he has been responsible for their being able to pass many long hours with the literature he has sent.

One of the main problems in the Northern Territory is how to maintain satisfactory communication. Nowadays each police station in the back country has a "pedal wireless" not unlike the "walkie talkie" sets used in the last war. The direct cur-



In the Days Before

THE FIRST FOUR SHIPS

The story of Lyttelton begins aeons ago, when its harbour was the crater of a mighty volcano whose enormous size may perhaps be gauged by the expanse of the harbour waters and the height of its crater rim, which we know as the Port Hills and the Mt. Herbert range. For perhaps thousands of centuries the only sounds that broke the primeval stillness were the cries of the birds, the rustle of the wind in the flax and the lapping of the sea.

Unless the rock carvings found inland conceal the story of some forgotten earlier race, the first men to pass near Lyttelton were the Morioris, who left no trace of their passage.

After this now-extinct race came the Maoris, working their way south. To them the harbour must have seemed almost like the Promised Land, with numerous sites on the hills for easily defended pas and the sea to supply them with fish and shell-fish and the means of canoe-transport. Long before Abel Tasman sailed around the other coast of the South Island some of them had settled around here.

In 1770, Captain Cook brought H.M.S. Endeavour down the east coast, sighting the harbour entrance at day-break on 16th February. As is seen by his map, he mistook the harbour for a strait, naming Banks Peninsula as an island.

Not until some thirty-nine years had passed did the next white sail appear, when Captain Chase steered H.M.S. Pegasus through the heads. In attempting to sail between the "island" and the mainland he discovered that the supposed island was firmly connected to the South Island coastline. He and his crew thus had the honour of being the first white men to see the future site of Lyttelton.

After Chase came occasional vessels, mostly from the Australian colonies, to trade for flax and timber with the harbour natives.

In the 1820's a visiting captain from Australia named Lyttelton "Port Cooper" and the present-day yachts-

men's resort around Banks Peninsula "Port Levy," after his trans-Tasman employers.

In the following decade whalers arrived, using the harbour bays for shelter and for cutting up the dead whales. The celebrated peninsula whaler, Captain Hempleman—whose blubber pot may be seen today in the Little River domain—worked here, besides the whaling ships from England, America and elsewhere. Years later the bleached whalebones were still to be seen in some of the bays.

After the exploring warships, the whalers and the traders, came the first settlers. Captain Rhodes settled in Purau Bay—once known as Rhodes Bay—almost opposite Lyttelton. Around the peninsula in Pigeon Bay came the Sinclairs, while over the hills on the plains, the Deans brothers founded their estate.

Further afield, the French settlers laid the foundations of Akaroa township after their hopes of founding a French colony had been frustrated by H.M.S. Britomart's men hoisting the British flag.

In 1849 came H.M.S. Acheron to make the first survey of Lyttelton

D. G. DYNE goes back through the years to tell the fascinating story of the early days of the Port of Lyttelton.

Harbour. Port Cooper and Port Levy were renamed Port Victoria and Port Albert, after the queen and her consort, but both titles were later dropped. Thus towards the end of the Forties there were only Maoris at Rapaki and a few scattered settlers around the harbour to welcome the stray ships that occasionally called. But, across on the opposite side of the globe, the Canterbury Association, having been given a grant of 2,500,000 acres of the flat country behind Port Cooper's rugged hills, was busy at work planning a new colony to be placed piecemeal on to the port and plains.

After their chairman, Lord Lyttelton, they renamed Port Cooper with its present name. The association's leading light, John Robert Godley, with Captain Thomas, his surveyor, reached Wellington in 1849 and when word spread of their project, sundry hopeful store-keepers and others set sail for Port Cooper to try their luck in the new settlement.

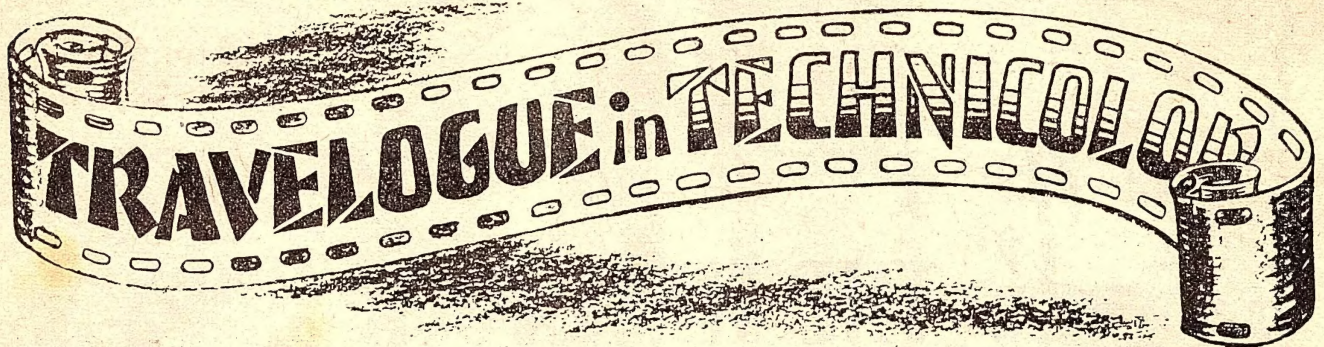
Team of Surveyors

With a team of surveyors, Thomas reached Lyttelton in June, 1849, to lay out the foundations of the port. The streets were named after British bishoprics, in accordance with the plan to have everything in the new province thoroughly Anglican in name and character. Thus the first streets running parallel to the waterfront were named Norwich Quay, London, Winchester, Exeter and Ripon Streets, with Oxford, Canterbury and Dublin Streets running downhill at right angles to them.

This done, he set a band of some three-score carpenters and labourers and a hundred Maoris, brought from Wellington, to work upon the port. Wages ranged from seven shillings per day for the carpenters, to four-and-sixpence for the labourers and half-a-crown a week for the Maoris.

An embankment was built up along the waterfront and Norwich Quay cut out of the bank. Immigrant bar-

(Continued on Page 33)



SOMETIMES, I think my grandmother made a great mistake in the mending bag she gave me. It is none of your finicking, dainty little affairs, but a really strong, roomy receptacle capable of holding socks and still more holey socks in its capacious maw. It is highly decorative, too, being of hand-made tapestry, so that I need feel no shame in leaving it about the place when visitors come, but rather can set it hanging carelessly on a chair-back as a show-piece to come in for the admiration it so richly deserves. Still, even it has its limits and when Bert says, "Say, Jen, don't you think you'd better buy me some more socks next time you're in town? I don't seem to have any left in my drawer," there is nothing for it but to curl up in the sun on the window seat and get in some solid work with the darning needle and as much wool as I can cram into its eye.

Maisie caught me at it the other day dreaming meanwhile of all the lovely places in Canterbury I have ever visited. Under such circumstances Maisie is the most satisfying companion. She keeps up a steady flow of chatter that is as soothing a background to your thoughts as the chuckling of a bush creek and all you need to do is murmur, "Quite," or "Really?" in the very occasional pauses and continue your dreaming as before.

When she had finally settled down beside me with her knitting, I became vaguely aware that she was saying something that fitted into my thoughts like a piece in a jig-saw puzzle.

"Well, my dear," she was saying, "I really can't describe the exact shade of blue—it's clear and yet bright if you know what I mean, but with just a suggestion of green at the back of it. Turquoise, perhaps, might be nearer to it. I'm sure you know the colour."

Did I know the colour? Why, I had been dreaming of it only a few minutes ago. "Like the sea from Hill-top on a summer's day," I murmured. And I could see us once again crawling in low gear up that last steep pinch on the Akaroa road and wondering tensely if the car would

A Canterbury Fantasy by JENNY RANALD

make it with the caravan behind or if she'd boil. And then the top! And that marvellous view over the rolling green hillsides to the sea, incredibly blue and lovely, cradled in the valley below. It is a view that always makes me exclaim in delighted admiration no matter how many times I see it, for, somehow, it always manages to be even more breathtaking than I had expected it to be.

"... a fawny shade rather like sandhills in a way," bubbled Maisie's

NOR'-WESTER

The wild nor'-wester howls across the plain,
Buffeting the house with giant blows;
Until its seasoned timbers creak and strain

Like yachts at anchor when the ebb tide flows.

Tossing the pines into a tumbled sea.
Of madly swirling greenery as if
Dark, stormy waves were pounding angrily

Against the rocky fortress of the cliff.
All through the night I hear them
crash and roar,

And on my lips sea spray is cool again.

With dawn, the wild nor'-wester blows
once more,

Arid and hot across the dusty plain.

—Jenny Ranald.

voice in the background, "yet with a grey tone underneath."

Well, that wasn't Akaroa. It sounded more like Brighton beach. Is there anything more exhilarating than standing on the sea-shore with the wind blowing in your face and gazing away and away up the coastline? Past the Pines and Leithfield, mile upon mile of beach stretching away into a distance dim with sea-spray. How limitless it is and yet how timeless and how lonely. It is comforting to run back to the shelter of lupins on the sandhills and set out the things for afternoon tea.

"With just a touch of black," I

caught Maisie saying. "That really sooty black of beech trees."

"She must be meaning Ashley Gorge," I thought to myself seeing once again the clear, turquoise blue of the river with that huge bank of native bush rising steeply from the water. And the birch trees! There is no black quite like the rich black velvet of their trunks. Is there any bush in New Zealand to compare with the beauty of our beech forests? I doubt it.

"... and a delicate fern green..." murmured Maisie.

That was Glen Tui, of course, and as lovely a piece of bush as you'd find anywhere. I was once again following the track up to the waterfall, through little thickets of konini and startling a wood pigeon feeding on the berries so that he flew off heavily. There, at last, was the waterfall spraying out like a bridal veil while the damp, mouldy, earthy smell of the bush rose like an incense to my nostrils and sunlight came filtering through the leaves to spotlight the delicate, exquisite green of ferns.

"A pale straw shade like ripe barley," cooed Maisie's voice in the distance.

It couldn't be Glen Tui. That sounded more like Mid-Canterbury, I puzzled to myself. Round about Leeston. Will I ever forget my first thrilling sight of forty acres of barley in one single lovely sweep? And the way the wind rustled through it like an elegant lady in a taffeta ball-gown?

"... reminds me of a field of red clover..." said Maisie.

Oh, those fields of red clover in North Canterbury! Acres and acres of that exquisite amethyst shade.

I sat up suddenly.

"Where is this marvellous place?" I demanded loudly.

"Place?" Maisie gave a little shriek.

"Yes," I said eagerly. "This perfectly wonderful place you've been telling me about with the fields of ripe barley and clover and native bush and ferns and sand-dunes. It sounds heavenly."

"I haven't said a word about a place," said Maisie stiffly. "I've been telling you about the wool I bought for my new Fairisle jumper."

COULD YOU BELIEVE IT?

THE ROUGH RIDER

A Breezy Yarn
by "Red Governor"

CAMPED one night in a shepherd's hut in the Kaikouras right under Mt. Tapuaenuku. Five of us, after a hard day, got to talking of the horses we had ridden and of the hard rides we had experienced getting cattle out of rough country.

Two members of the party were station hands who had worked this rough country for many years and as a mob of cattle turned in there during a slump, had gone wild, these boys had had considerable experience. Originally from quiet stock, these cattle, being left to themselves for so long, had become quite unmanageable and defied all efforts to dislodge them from their rocky fastnesses. Some great stories were told during the night of horses being charged and gored by bulls when attempts were being made to get a mob out into open country.

Son, one of the hands, told of one occasion on which they had, after desperate efforts, managed to get a mob of about fifty head clear of the scrub and out on to a track leading to the homestead. All was going well and they were congratulating themselves on the success of the trip when one of the bulls turned sour and refused to go any further. Cutting in with his horse, Son gave the bull a couple of ticklers with his stock-whip, but instead of turning round and following the mob, it charged at the horse. They were in a narrow gully at the time, the sides of which were too steep to climb and before Son could wheel his horse, the bull got its horns under the horse's belly and tossed horse and man over the bank.

Fascinated, Joe had listened to Son's story and seeing the look on his face, Son said, "Now, before we turn in, I will tell you the tale of the roughest ride I've ever had in my life."

Before reporting this story, I would like to say that the tales told so far, though some of them may have been stretched a little, they were in the main true, but this yarn of Son's... well, I'll leave it to you to judge. By the way, there were hundreds of pigs on this station, some of which had given a lot of trouble, not only by eating the new-born lambs, but at times by taking to both dogs and men.

Here is Son's tale:

During a mustering trip the previous season, he had been allotted the roughest block on the range. It included a very steep ridge named the Shoe grind, so called because no horse could climb it and the mustering had to be done on foot.

Turning his horse loose at the foot of the hill, from where it would make its own way back to camp, Son settled

down to a steady climb and was more than half-way to the top when he heard a stone rattle behind him. To his dismay, he saw a big sandy-coloured boar about a hundred yards below, grunting and climbing after him.

Now anyone who has had experience with pigs knows that although on a flat and on a downgrade, a pig can go almost as fast as a horse, uphill is a different matter, a pig being a very poor climber. Knowing this, Son put on a spurt hoping that by the time he reached the top, he would

have a good lead before starting down the other side, where on the bank of the river there were a number of trees, one of which he planned to climb.

Half way to the top, he looked back and saw that the pig had closed half the gap and was gaining steadily. Ripping off his coat he threw it away and in doing so, noticed something which gave him an inspiration. His lunch, tied in a handkerchief to his belt! Ripping it open, he scattered the top half of it on the track and

(Please Turn to Page 32)

NORTH CANTERBURY HAS ONLY

PACK OF BEAGLES IN NEW ZEALAND

Breeding and running the only pack of beagle hounds in New Zealand, Colonel J. W. McKergow, of Okuku Pass, North Canterbury, has enjoyed a life-time association with this smallest of hunting hounds.

He owned his first pack in England at an early age, and his love for hounds and other outdoor activities has been constant ever since.

Possessing keen scent, acute intelligence, and remarkable perseverance, his present pack, bred for New Zealand conditions, were selected from picked English-Australian stock. Colonel McKergow went to Australia in order to hand-pick the hounds.

Pleasantly situated, hill-enclosed, "Horsford Downs" is the home of the pack. Here, and in the near vicinity, two meets are held each week throughout the winter, and followers of hare-hunting thrill to the sonorous music of the little hounds.

Colonel McKergow explained that, unlike fox-hounds, beagles are followed on foot.—A. McMaster.



ME AND MY NEIGHBOUR

A Plainsman Short Story by EMILY BAIZEEN

THERE are some women who think because they have done a thing, all the world must do the same. My sister is that kind of a woman. As soon as she married Tom she began her pernicious activities. While he lived, my poor brother-in-law partially circumvented her by abiding in hotels and moving as May became acquainted with the guests.

When he died, May came to live with me.

"Why did you never marry?" was the first remark she made as soon as she took off her hat.

"Because I'm happy and wish to remain so."

"Pooh!" said my sister May. And that was the end of my peaceful life.

I never could come home to a quiet luncheon but on the other side of the table would be one of the opposition sex in hunting costume. At dinner there would be another of man's enemies in her war paint. At breakfast I would always find a strange female's smiling face. I detest a smiling face at breakfast; it deranges my indigestion.

However, life was partially bearable until my neighbour came home from the North Island. My neighbour, Jane, is pretty. She is young. She would be an ideal wife for any man who valued such qualities. I did not.

May, however, took the case in hand at once. I heard Jane's praise at breakfast, her virtues were the sole luncheon topic, and dinner was devoted to a general summing up of the breakfast and luncheon conversation.

Under my sister's influence the whole town made up its mind that I should marry my neighbour and hotly resented my delay. And I live in a town where everyone telephones to the others when I look over the hedge at my neighbour's violets.

No wonder, then, that I stood glowering over Nola that day as the naughty little mite rolled about the

strawberry bed. She had brought my neighbour and myself once more into the town's telephone topics.

"Get up at once!" I roared.

For answer my niece exhibited the soles of her shoes to my gaze and scowled up at me between them. What the position may have lacked in dignity it made up in defiance.

"Don't you know she will get her death of cold on that damp earth?" said neighbour Jane, hurrying up.

"Look out, she'll bite you," I warned.

A withering glance from a pair of fine blue eyes, and Nola was on her feet.

"Why did you let the nurse go?" asked Jane, shaking the dirt from Nola's dress.

"How could I stop her? She said that she had demeaned herself long enough by consenting to stay in our house. I think she had. I wish I could go myself."

My neighbour scorned me. "I never saw a man like you," she said. "I should think you would be afraid something awful would happen to you for hating children as you do."

Because I remonstrated with May on the subject of Nola, my sister conceived the idea that I hated children, and so informed the town.

"When will May be back?" added Jane, frowning.

"Any minute. She's in town getting a new nurse."

"Ah, then I'd better mind the poor little pet."

The two females withdrew, and I watched them with a feeling of relief that was almost pain. I was smoothing the print of my niece from the strawberry bed when summoned to the telephone. Even before I took down the receiver I had a feeling that I was to be made the victim of one of May's odious plots.

"I met Angela Parker in the butcher's shop," purred my sister's voice. "She told me she saw the nurse leaving with her bundles."

"She did. Nola told her you had gone to get a new nurse."

"But, just the same, it was outrageous to leave me like this, so dis—"

"My dear —"

"And I don't see how Nola could have heard it, I only told —"

"Well, she's gone. You come home and let me go for the nurse."

"Nonsense. I'll be home on the five-ten. And Teddy —"

"Yes?"

"If you have any trouble with Nola, send next door —"

"I've had it; she is —"

"Oh!" My sister's tone was mad-deningly laden with suggestion of a plot between my neighbour and myself.

"Well," she continued in the accents of a matrimonial Machievelli, "I may not be home on the five-ten —"

"You come back as soon as you can! See here, May —"

"You'd better take Nola's dolls in to her, and tell Jane —"

I hung up the receiver. "Now," I thought, "in this heavenly quiet, free from the —"

Well, I had heard howls before that day, but these were really a new set. With a sigh I entered the hall. Nola, arms and legs around the stairs-post, was resisting my neighbour's utmost efforts to remove her from the house.

"What is the matter?" I inquired.

"She won't stay with me at my house. She wants me to be here with her and sail boats in the bath."

"Well, try and see if you can't get her to go home with you again."

I admit my remark was foolish, as Jane was red in the face from tugging, yet there can be no excuse for her subsequent conduct. She let go of Nola. Her eyes blazed. She positively stammered.

"Do you think that I want to stay for a moment in this house with you? I hate you! Hate you! Hate you!"

I simply stared at her, dumb-founded. Hate me? Why, May had said that she admired me. May had said that she considered me distinguished-looking. What right had she to hate me?

She frowned at me. I stood paralysed. Frowns are so becoming when worn with dark eyebrows.

"Jane," I said, "what is the meaning of this ridiculous behaviour? What have I done?"

She said nothing.

"I insist on knowing. I always thought you liked me, Jane."

"Like you!" cried my neighbour. "I hate you, and if it were not for poor little Nola being left all alone with you, I'd see this house burn down before I'd enter it. I hate you, and I hate May."

"What has she done?" I gasped out.

"Hence, I suddenly exhibited one of the most violent, as it is the most symptom of the disease. I took her hands and pressed them."

"Done! She has made this wretched town believe —" She paused, then she stamped her foot at me.

"You mean May has —," I faltered, and I blushed for the first time in my memory. My neighbour was young, and certainly her wrongs cried justly to High Heaven.

"Yes, I mean your sister has made this whole town think that I want to marry you. I don't want to marry you. I wouldn't marry you if you were the last man on earth. I never did like you spoiled, selfish, conceited, oh! I hate you, Teddy Squires."

I was aghast. Jane's cheeks were flaming. Then I made the most idiotic remark possible, which was: "But May said—I mean you always acted as though you liked me," I added desperately.

"Of course I did. If I had not been nice to you every horrid person in this wretched place would have thought I was angry because you took no notice of me. But if they only knew how I loathed and detested you —."

A tear rolled down her cheek, then a second, and then Jane was crying.

Well, I am absolutely surprised at what I did. I have a theory that in these fatal sudden attacks, a man is a great deal sicker than he realises and a long time before he realises it, or rather that the love microbe gets into the system and the consequent outbreak of the disease is the first warning the patient has of its presence. Hence, I suddenly exhibited one of the most violent, as it is the most common or primary symptom of the disease. I took her hands and pressed them.

"Jane, child, please don't cry, dear," I said.

Then Jane screamed and I sprang back.

"Where is Nola?" she asked quickly. Nola was not there. I suggested that we would find her at the stable. On our way there I said: "Jane, don't you think that you could forgive me if I called every day—and brought flowers and things like that—in fact, if I ran after you as it were?"

"No," said a small, shaky voice from somewhere by my side. "I think you're very stupid, too."

I answered not a word, but strode on with an air of manly pride. Just then we entered the stable yard. My neighbour, pale with terror, staggered back against the lilacs by the door. I turned cold to my feet. On the stable floor lay a currycomb and brush where the absent Dan had left them. Tied to the post stood Lucifer, sixteen hands of nervous, vicious devilry, and under him, squatted in a small heap, massaging his foreleg as she had seen Dan do, was Nola.

"If he moves he'll crush her," whispered Jane through white lips. And it was true.

How Lucifer had ever suffered the child to come near him was a mystery, and now any sudden movement, either of the child or ourselves, might startle the vicious horse.

Just then Nola looked up. Her face radiant with proud joy, she called: "See what I doin', Uncle Teddy."

"Good for you, Nola," I said, edging nearer. I never realised how far the little bundle under the wicked legs had got into my heart until then. I dared not call her to me, as any sudden scramble on the child's part would send those steel hoofs thrashing. I edged nearer. Lucifer saw me. The snaky head reared, the whites of the wicked eyes showed, the pointed ears lay flat. But he knew me, and if the child did not scramble away from him, and if I went very easily—The head shot out straight in my face; the steel hoofs lashed out in a storm over the concrete; I heard a scream, and felt the teeth tear my coat. Then I turned to Nola, who lay in purple surprise where I had thrown her—safe and breathless and too scared to be angry.

"Are you hurt?" asked a trembling

voice at my shoulder. I turned. Jane's little shaking hands rested on my arm. Her frightened blue eyes were filled with adorable terror—for me!

"No," I said as gently as I could. With which reassurance my neighbour fainted. And I—well, a man is not always responsible—that is, it had been a trying day, no woman had ever fainted against me before.

By and by the eyes opened. "Oh," she said, "what a day this has been." I said nothing.

Little tingles of delight were running all over me, like a Cupid shower bath. I had a horrible fear that if I spoke she would not continue to lean against me.

"Kiss Nola, too, Uncle Teddy!" said a small voice.

I started as if a bomb had exploded at my feet. Nola was regarding me; Lucifer, ears pricked forward, was regarding me; and up at the window of the next house—

"Yes, I did," I said, gazing bravely into my neighbour's blue eyes. She hid her face in my coat...

But May says she made the match.

"My neighbour, Jane, is pretty. She is young. She would be an ideal wife for any man who valued such qualities."



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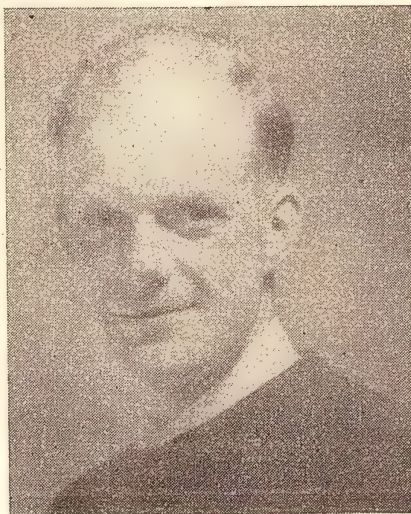
Radio Announcer in a different type of Studio

Guy Mannering is not heard a great deal from 3ZB these days. At one time he was on the full-time announcing staff, but now he has gone into business on his own account as a professional photographer, specialising in portraiture. He still does a little announcing work.

Guy is well qualified for his new venture for, as the son of the late Mr G. E. Mannering, he was brought up in a world of cameras. Mr Mannering, who died two years ago, was known throughout the world as a photographer and mountaineer and as the author of several books on mountaineering and sporting life in New Zealand. It was he who introduced cameras to the New Zealand mountains. In those early days, cameras weighed many pounds and there were many heavy pieces of gear. Each shot meant erecting a huge tripod, and clutching at the mountainside while you placed your head under the cloth.

As soon as he was big enough to walk, Guy was taken into the mountains. When he was just three, he was taken on to Franz Josef Glacier, his father having provided him with a special little ice axe. At home he watched his father processing films, making enlargements and so on.

When Guy was ten, he made his first trip into the Godley area, a favourite haunt of the Alpine Club of which he is a member. On that occasion, Guy and his brother carried their own packs and went as far as Sealey Pass to look over on to the West Coast. For many years, the



Guy Mannering

Mannerings and their cameras, roamed Canterbury's mountains, G.E. always leading the way. Even at the age of 70, it was nothing for him to carry a full pack for 20 miles a day.

When he's not in the studio (photographic or radio) or up in the mountains, Guy will probably be close by his radiogram, for he has a great love of music of all types. Born in Christchurch, he has lived here all his life. He is married and has a home in Merivale where, he says, "As a gardener, I make a good photographer."

FILM FLASHES

One of the most unusual films of recent years is "Lost Boundaries." It has as its theme the problem of light-skinned Negroes who attempt to present themselves as white. Overseas critics have applauded the film as beautifully played and tenderly told. "Lost Boundaries" will be screened in Christchurch shortly.

* * *

There is much praise overseas for the M.G.M. film, "Battleground" with a cast headed by Van Johnson, John Hodiak, Ricardo Montalban and George Murphy. It is picture of World War II.

* * *

Those who enjoy the radio programme, "Secrets of Scotland Yard" should see the British film, "The Blue Lamp" which is a story of modern police methods in England. Jack Warner, Jimmy Hanley and Dirk Bogarde head the cast.

* * *

The most amusing family story "Cheaper By The Dozen" has been filmed by Twentieth-Century Fox. With Clifton Webb and Myrna Loy as the leading players, there is promise of an excellent comedy show.

* * *

Latest news of the film version of "The Forsyte Saga" is that, in America, it has been re-titled "That Forsyte Woman." I can't tell you whether a similar title change will be made in New Zealand.

* * *

The British film, "Kind Hearts and Coronets" should be well worth seeing. In it, Alec Guinness, who was Fagan in "Oliver Twist" plays eight different members of the one family.

"The Winslow Boy" is Most Popular Film of 1949

Readers of "THE PLAINSMAN" left the matter in no doubt. "The Winslow Boy" was their favourite film of the year. Almost 300 votes behind came "Johnny Belinda," followed by "Scott of the Antarctic," "The Red Shoes," "Spring in Park Lane" and "Mr Belvedere Goes To College." Here are the official results, and the full list of winners.

	Votes.
1. The Winslow Boy	804
2. Johnny Belinda	524
3. Scott of the Antarctic	461
4. The Red Shoes	460
5. Spring in Park Lane	369
6. Mr Belvedere Goes To College	273
7. The Bishop's Wife	241
8. Luxury Liner	162

9. The Guinea Pig	149
10. Green Grass of Wyoming	95
11. The Paleface	90
12. London Belongs to Me and Julia Misbehaves	86
14. Bonnie Prince Charlie	73
15. Les Enfants du Paradis	68
16. Sorrowful Jones	43
17. Red River	23
18. Escape	22

THE PRIZE-WINNERS

Several entrants selected the top six films, but the prizes were awarded to those who were nearest to the correct order. Here is the full list of prize-winners:—

First Prize (£2/2/-): Mrs. M. Mead, 2 Grafton St., Linwood, Christchurch.
Second Prize (£1/1/-): Miss N. J.

Evans, 76 Cowper St., Greymouth.

Third Prize (10/6): Mrs A. Jordan, Peel Forest.

Gift Subscriptions to THE PLAINSMAN: Mesdames Evans, Greymouth and J. Garbutt, Christchurch; Misses G. Gates, Marie Mead, Joan Comer, G. Wakefield, all of Christchurch, and Ruth Jary, Ashburton; Messrs R. N. Taylor, and E. F. King of Christchurch, and H. Halstead of Oamaru. Will these people please let us know to whom they would like THE PLAINSMAN sent free of charge for one year?

Film Star Photographs: Mesdames Smart R. O'Neill, Christchurch; Misses Rata Wornall, E. Thompson, Shirley Sweeney, all of Christchurch, and B. Blair and Carole Johnston, of Ashburton; Messrs John Jary, and Hilton Buntton, of Ashburton, and Raymond Pat, of Christchurch.

COMING UP

Kiwis, Arthur Askey, Tito Schipa and perhaps Gene Autry Among Centennial Year Visitors

Canterbury music lovers and theatregoers can look forward to some rich fare in 1950 and 1951, for in addition to the many local Centennial activities, there will be many visits from well-known overseas artists.

The stage shows scheduled for visits here during the year include The Kiwi Concert Party, opening a New Zealand tour in May after many years of phenomenal success in Australia; the Tivoli show "Talk of the Town" with Ben Wrigley, English comedian (this company also presents a "Mother Goose" pantomime at matinees); the famous Arthur Askey in "The Love Racket," Tommy Fields, brother of the famous Gracie, in "Where's Charley?" a musical version of "Charley's Aunt." "The Love Racket" and "Where's Charley?" are also Tivoli shows and the same organisation is planning to bring an European ice show, and possibly Tommy Trinder to this country.

The famous film personalities, Gene Autry and Donald O'Connor, will be visiting Australia in June, and it is hoped that they will come on to New Zealand later. The big musical show, "Oklahoma" is playing to such big business in Australia that it is unlikely to reach us before 1951.

Among the concert artists we will see and hear are Pinna Salzman, the pianist who won so many admirers a few years ago; Tito Schipa, noted Italian tenor; Alfredo Campoli, the celebrated violinist.

THE LOCAL SCENE

The programme of Centennial events includes many items for the music lover. In August of this year, we will have the Primary Schools Musical Festival, the Technical College Musical Festival, the Royal Christchurch Musical Society Anniversary celebrations. September's programme includes a Maori concert, and the Country Choirs Music Festival. The Christchurch Operatic Society is scheduled to present an opera in October, and in November there will be a season of the National Orchestra. December will bring carols and "The Messiah" by the Christchurch Harmonic Society, and a Christmas cantata by the Royal Christchurch Musical Society. A novel presentation in the same month will be "An Old Time Musical Entertainment."

The musical programme will reach its climax in March, 1951, with a 10-day grand concert season, featuring visiting soloists, the National Orchestra and combined choirs.



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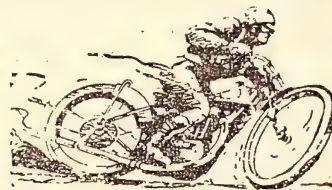
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WOMEN PERSONALITIES

By MARY WIGLEY

ON FURLOUGH FROM TANGANYIKA: And STORY OF THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

MR. PHILIP HUMPHRIES has very deep roots in Canterbury as she was born and brought up in Christchurch and educated at Selwyn House. Moreover, her paternal grandfather was a passenger in one of the First Four ships—the Randolph, to be exact. Before her marriage Mrs Humphries was Jean Wood, daughter of Mrs Peter Wood, and the late Mr Peter Wood of Christchurch. She trained in Auckland as a teacher in the Health and Beauty Movement, and also served in the Wrens during the war.

Her husband is the elder son of Mr and Mrs W. J. Humphries of Reefton, West Coast. He came out with his parents before the war, was educated at Christ's College, and gained his degree at Canterbury University College. He served overseas during the war with the 26th Battalion and gained the rank of Major. He is now



Mrs P. J. Humphries

District Officer in the British Colonial Service in the Provincial Administration in Tanganyika Territory. The Humphries have two little daughters, Anne, who is just six, and Josephine, who has had her second birthday.

Since 1947 Mr and Mrs Humphries and family have been stationed at Nzega, a small station with only about ten Europeans, which lies inland about five hundred miles from Dar-es-Salaam, the capital. They are at present on furlough in New Zealand. Mrs Humphries says that Nzega, which is four thousand feet above sea level has a climate which is not unusually trying as the heat is fairly dry. Houses are of the bungalow type, mostly made of sun-dried bricks and thatched roofs. The rooms are large and airy

and protected by mesh screens over all doors and windows to preclude flies and mosquitoes. During the rainy season, which is about five months of the year, special anti-malarial precautions have to be observed. After sundown long dresses and mosquito boots, a knee length boot of light leather are worn, and mosquito nets are used over the beds all the year round.

Speaking of housekeeping in the tropics, Mrs Humphries explained that most of their provisions were ordered in bulk from the bigger towns and kept in a storeroom from which the necessary amounts for each day are issued to the staff. A refrigerator is essential to comfortable living. There is no shortage of domestic staff, each of which has his own duties and will not perform any others. No cook will wash-up for instance. Games, like tennis and golf, are played regularly for recreation, and most of the women take a keen interest in gardening. During the rains, a colourful display of tropical and English flowers can be obtained, but during the dry season, water supplies become very difficult and their energies are concentrated on keeping the vegetable garden alive, mostly by watering it with used bath water.

When an opportunity to get the children minded by friends is offered, Mrs Humphries found it interesting to accompany her husband on safari, visiting different places and chatting with the African women. She was particularly interested in visiting the maternity clinics staffed by trained African midwives, where babies were born under hygienic conditions instead of in the native mud huts. The safaris often afforded the chance of seeing some game, and Mrs Humphries has many times seen giraffe, zebra, Vilderbeeste, ostriches and gazelle at close quarters. A fortnight a year is spent on local leave when holiday resorts are visited. The Humphries have been twice to Uganda, where Mr Humphries has relations, and it was there that their younger daughter was born in a very modern and comfortable Government hospital in Kampala, across the equator, five hundred and fifty miles from Nzega.

On their journey out to Tanganyika, the Humphries travelled via Australia and South Africa, when they spent nearly a month in Cape Town. Coming back on furlough they travelled via Colombo where they spent two weeks in the leading hotel there. They are again returning to Tanganyika in mid-March and this time are going via Bombay. At present they are not sure whereabouts in Tanganyika they will be stationed when they return.

MISS BEATRICE CRAIG, president of the Dickens Fellowship was born and educated in North Otago, and later moved to Dunedin, where she was employed as receptionist in the surgery of the late Sir Louis



Miss Beatrice Craig

Barnett. Five years later she entered the teaching profession, her first school being at Waitahuna West, twelve miles from Lawrence. Next she taught at Owaka, in the Catlins River district, then in Hawkes Bay, then at Columba Girls' College, then at Wanganui Girls' College, Rakaia, Lake Coleridge, Addington, Somerfield, Albury, and at the time of her retirement she was headteacher at Greendale School, near the Selwyn River, thirty-two miles south-west from Christchurch.

During the ten years of her retirement, Miss Craig has had many interests, including the Blind Institute, the Superannuated Civil Servants' Association, the Addington Public Library Committee and the Dickens Fellowship, of which she has been president for the last two years. This Fellowship was founded in London nearly fifty years ago, and now has seventy branches scattered throughout the world.

Mrs W. Machin was largely responsible for the birth of the Christchurch Fellowship in 1931, as for a considerable time members met regularly at her house. The inaugural

(Continued on Facing Page)

DEAFNESS A SPUR, NOT A HANDICAP

—A Plainsman Interview by Richard Dale

MORE than thirty years ago Miss L. Thomas of St. Albans, Christchurch, went completely deaf within a week. But, quick to realize that she must avoid self-pity, she turned her attention to a variety of interests—hobbies that were to give her many hours of happiness. She was working at the time and keenness to continue her employment added to her enthusiastic approach to a readjusted life.

Her first hobby; something not too exacting, and requiring little concentration, was making paper beads which were attractively coloured with varnish. Miss Thomas has since added considerably to her knowledge of arts and crafts. She is not able to enjoy the radio or music. And neither can she listen to the sound of voices and laughter. But these losses have, to some extent, been compensated by her highly developed skill in oil and water painting, marquetry and pottery. I saw samples of her splendid work—hand-painted brooches with scenes and flowers, dresses and knitted garments. She has found, too, that her adjustment to life without hearing has been helped by the right choice of literature.

Miss Thomas is skilled in the art of lip reading, which she began to learn shortly after she became deaf.

She finds that everybody has his or her own method of shaping the lips in speech. Generally speaking, men do not articulate as clearly as women. With the assistance of her sisters, who indicated by signs if her speech was too soft or too loud, Miss Thomas

She can only decide on pronunciation from how a word looks when it is written.

It did not take Miss Thomas long to discover that the sense of touch is in some way associated with that of hearing. She gave an example. When she first began to paint brooches, it seemed unusual not to feel the touch of the brush on the brooch. She had to acquire what may be termed a visual sense of touch before she could do the painting well.

Through the years, Miss Thomas has developed very keen observation. She cannot hear anybody enter the room but she will quickly detect their shadow as it strikes the floor or wall even though her back may be towards the door. Similarly, she can often tell if somebody is outside the closed door because of the shadow which at times shows underneath it. The vibration of the floor is another guide to a person's approach.

This remarkable person, who has a bright sense of humour and a happy attitude towards living, is an extremely contented woman. She has really achieved the art of creative living through self-understanding. On being asked if she would like to offer any message to others similarly afflicted, Miss Thomas, with her usual brightness advised, "Never feel sorry for yourself. If the joke is about you, then learn to laugh first and realize that no matter what defects there are in the outer covering, the spirit within is the equal of all."



Miss L. Thomas

was able to modulate her tones. The sisters say that it was only her willingness to learn and her bright approach to the task which helped her to master it so successfully. Some words, especially those that have been introduced to the language since she lost her hearing, require close study.

WOMEN PERSONALITIES

(Continued from Previous Page)

address was given by Mr A. E. Cad-dock, M.A., a past-president and still an active member. Now-a-days the meetings are held in the Durham Street Methodist Sunday School, and the membership stands at over eighty. Dickens' novels are studied by members, a dramatic evening is given annually by members, and the famous writer's birthday anniversary is celebrated.

Many distinguished men have appeared as presidents of the parent fellowship in London during the years, including Sir Henry Charles Dickens, a grandson of the author. Miss B. Craig is fortunate in having excellent officers in her Fellowship here in Christchurch, the vice-presidents being Mrs L. J. Morris, Misses A. G. Musgrove, G. K. Jarman, Messrs B. F. Hayman, and N. Stoupe. The committee members this year are Mesdames R. S. Cocks, E. R. Grain-ger, M. I. Shaw, Misses E. Clague, V. G. McLean, E. Silby, E. Stocker, Messrs Cordert, Railton and Reeves. Miss C. Langstone is the Librarian, Miss E. H. Bull the Honorary Treasurer, and Mrs J. Allott, the most efficient Honorary Secretary.

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CHRISTCHURCH



Recipes from OUR READERS



Each month the "Plainsman" gives prizes for the best recipes and hints sent in by readers. The March selection is below and our cookery expert hopes you will have as much enjoyment out of trying them as she had.

ONE EGG JAM SANDWICH

Take one large egg, 2 tablespoons butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ teacup sugar, 1 teacup of flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 tablespoon milk or warm water.

Beat the butter and sugar together till thick and creamy. Add the egg yolk and beat them well together. Beat the egg white to a stiff froth.

Stir in the flour and egg white alternately, mixing as lightly as possible. Lastly, add the milk and baking powder and pour the mixture into a greased sandwich tin. Bake for 15 minutes in a moderate oven.

Split the sandwich when cold and fill with raspberry jam or any filling desired.

—J.M.E., Greymouth.

VEGETARIAN POTTED MEAT

$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. tomatoes, 1 oz. butter, 2 ozs. cheese, 1 small onion, 2 tablespoonsful of brown bread crumbs, pinch of mustard, salt, and pepper.

Scald and skin the tomatoes. Slice into saucepan. Add the grated onion and butter (we use margarine in England—not quite so nice). Put lid on pan and cook gently until the tomatoes are soft. Add mustard and seasoning and lastly stir in the fine breadcrumbs.

Put into a glass dish and coat with melted butter. When cold this is a savoury filling for sandwiches, or delicious eaten with salad.

—Yorkshire Lass, Bradford.

DATE BREAD

Cut up dates to measure 2 cups. Put in basin and add $\frac{1}{2}$ level teaspoons baking soda. Pour over this $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups boiling water and allow to stand till cool. Add 1 breakfastcup brown sugar, pinch salt and little vanilla. Beat 2 eggs and add to mixture then add 3 breakfastcups flour. When well mixed, add 2 large teaspoons baking powder. If liked, sultanas and nuts can be added. Bake in loaf tin with lid on for about $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

—E.K.B., New Brighton.

A DIRTY THERMOS FLASK

Warm the flask by filling it with hot water. Pour the water out and put in a dessertspoon of dry bicarbonate of soda. Then fill up to the brim with boiling water and leave for a few hours.

—Sunshine, Oamaru.

A JUICY JOINT

Leave the roast cut side down on the dish it was served in. All the red gravy will soak up and the meat will remain juicy.

—E.E.B., Ashburton.

SELF-RAISING FLOUR

Try making your own self-raising flour. You will need 8 lbs. flour, 3 ozs. carbonate of soda, 6 ozs. cream of tartar. Sift all well several times and keep in a closely-covered tin. Add salt as required.

—M.S.C., Riccarton.

ORCHARD TART

For this open tart, make a nice short pastry. The filling is made from condensed milk with the grated rind and juice of a lemon added. On the top, chop up and put any raw fruit in season. Another use for this pastry is—cut in wee rounds and add the same filling topped with a slice of peach cut to represent butterfly wings. Serve for afternoon tea in a green dish.—"Eva," Amberley.

DIRTY CANE CHAIRS

Wash your cane chairs with warm soapy water. Dry thoroughly and then rub with a cloth dipped in water in which rice has been boiled.—"Topsy," Christchurch.

PINK CAKE

4 ozs. butter, 4 ozs. sugar, 4 ozs. flour, 2 ozs. coconut, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon baking powder, cochineal to colour.

Cream the butter and sugar and add eggs well beaten. Then add rest of ingredients and bake in sandwich tins at 400 degrees.—"E.E.B.," Ashburton.

SOAP-SAVING

Save all scraps of toilet soap and tie in a muslin bag. Plunge into hot water and leave for a few minutes. Then place in cold water for the soap to harden into one piece.—"Clever," Motunau.

You are invited to send recipes and hints to "The Plainsman." Payment of 2/6 will be made for each item published.

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4/6

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6/6

Whitcombe's "NEW ZEALAND IN OUTLINE." A pictorial geography prepared by Kenneth B. Cumberland primarily to assist teachers or students; it should also appeal to the general reader. 84 pages, 7 maps, 111 excellent photographs.

8/3

"JOURNEY TOWARDS CHRISTMAS." Official history of the 1st. Ammunition Company, N.Z.A.S.C., 2nd N.Z.E.F. The first complete history of a Unit.

12/6

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TIMARU

The Long and Short of it . . .

—A DRESS FOR BABY, WITH PATTERNS FOR TWO SIZES

MATERIAL: 5oz. "Emu" Unshrinkable 3-ply Vest 2 No. 10, 2 No. 12 and 2 No. 8 knitting needles. A fine crochet hook. 3 small buttons. 2½ yds. narrow ribbon.

Measurements: Length, 22ins. Chest, 18ins. Sleeve seam, 1½ins.

Tension: About 7½ sts. to 1 inch.

Abbreviations: K., knit; p., purl; st., stitch; st. st., stocking stitch (K 1 row, p. 1 row); m., make; sl., slip; tog., together; p.s.s.o., pass the slipped stitch over; rep., repeat; patt., pattern; cont., continue; beg., beginning; dec., decrease; ins., inches; s. c., single crochet; d. c., double crochet; ch., chain.

FRONT

Using No. 8 needles cast on 134 sts., loosely.

Change to No. 10 needles and knit 4 rows.

Cont. in following patt. :—

1st row. K. 1, * k. 1, m. 1, k. 4, sl. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k. 4, m. 1. Rep. from * to last st., k. 1.

2nd and alternate rows. Purl.

3rd row. K. 3, * m. 1, k. 3, sl. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k. 3, m. 1, k. 3. Rep. from * to end, ending k. 2 instead of k. 3.

5th row. K. 1, k. 2 tog., * m. 1, k. 1, m. 1, k. 2, sl. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k. 2, m. 1, k. 1, m. 1, sl. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o. Rep. from * to last 11 sts., m. 1, k. 1, m. 1, k. 2, sl. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k. 2, m. 1, k. 3.

7th row. K. 1, * m. 1, sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. 2, m. 1, k. 1, sl. 1, k. 2, tog., p.s.s.o., k. 1, m. 1, k. 3. Rep. from * to last st., k. 1.

9th row. K. 2, * m. 1, sl. 1, k. 2, tog., p.s.s.o., m. 1, k. 1. Rep. from * to end.

10th row. Purl.

These 10 rows form pattern.

Cont. in patt., until work measures about 18ins., ending with a 10th patt. row.

Dec. for Waist thus: Change to No. 12 needles.

Next row. K. 1, * k. 2 tog. Rep. from * to last st., k. 1. (68 sts.).

Next row. K. to end.

Next row. * k. 1, m. 1, k. 2 tog. Rep. from * to last 2 sts., k. 2.

Next row. K. to end. Change to No. 10 needles.

Work 4 rows in st. st. (1 row k., 1 for p.).

Shape Armholes thus: Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. at both ends of next 4 rows.

Cont. straight in st. st. on 52 sts. until work measures 2½ins. from waist dec. row, ending with a p. row.

Shape for Neck thus: Next row. K. 19 sts., cast off 14 sts., k. to end.

Work 12 rows in st. st. on last 19 sts., dec. 1 st. at neck on each row.

Work 3 rows straight in st. st. Cast off.

Rejoin wool at neck edge and work on remaining 19 sts. to match first side.

BACK

Work exactly as given for front until row of ribbon holes are completed, ending with 1 k. row after completing the row of holes. (68 sts.).

Change to No. 10 needles and divide for back opening thus:

Next row. K. 36 sts., turn. Leave remaining 32 sts. on a spare needle.

Next row. K. 3, p. to end.

Work 2 rows in st. st. with 3 sts. at opening edge in garter st. (each row k.).

Shape Armhole thus:

Next row. Cast off 4 sts., k. to end.

Next row. K. 1, m. 1, k. 2 tog. for a buttonhole, p. to last 2 sts., p. 2 tog.

Work 3 rows in st. st. with garter st. border, dec. 1 st. at armhole edge on each row. (28 sts.).

Cont. without shaping until work measures 1in. from 1st buttonhole, ending at opening edge.

Make a 2nd buttonhole in next row, then cont. without shaping until work measures 2½ins. from waist dec. row, ending at opening edge, now work 2 more rows.

Shape Neck thus:

Next row. Cast off 9 sts. p. to end.

Work 12 rows in st. st., dec. 1 st. at neck edge on each row.

Work 1 row straight.

Cast off.

Slip remaining 32 sts. on to a No. 10 needle with point to opening edge, rejoin wool, cast on 4 sts. for underwrap. K. to end of row.

Work 4 rows in st. st. with 3 sts. at opening edge in garter st.

Shape Armhole thus:

Cont. in st. st. with garter st. border and cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next row, then dec. 1 st. at this same edge on next 4 rows. (28 sts.).

Cont. without shaping until work measures 2½ins. from waist dec. row, ending at opening edge, then work 2 more rows.

Shape Neck thus:

Next row. Cast off 9 sts., k. to end.

Work 12 rows in st. st., dec. 1 st. at neck edge on each row.

Work 1 row straight.

Cast off.

SLEEVES

Using No. 10 needles cast on 40 sts. Change to No. 12 needles and knit 3 rows.

Next row. * k. 1, m. 1, k. 2 tog. Rep. from * to last st., k. 1.

Next row. Knit.



Next row. * k. 2, k. twice into next st., k. 1. Rep. from * to end. (50 sts.).

Change to No. 10 needles and p. 1 row.

Now rep. patt. rows 1 to 10 inclusive as given for front skirt, once.

Shape Top thus:

1st row. K. 2 tog., * m. 1, k. 4, sl. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k. 4, m. 1, k. 1. Rep. from * to last 12 sts., m. 1, k. 4, sl. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k. 5.

2nd and alternate rows. Purl.

3rd row. K. 2 tog., * m. 1, k. 3, sl. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k. 3, m. 1, k. 1. Rep. from * to last 10 sts., m. 1, k. 3, sl. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k. 4.

5th row. K. 2 tog., * m. 1, k. 2, sl. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k. 2, m. 1, k. 1, m. 1, sl. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., m. 1, k. 1. Rep. from * to last 8 sts., m. 1, k. 2, sl. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k. 1, m. 1, k. 2 tog.

7th row. K. 2 tog., * m. 1, k. 1, sl. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k. 1 m. 1, k. 3, m. 1, sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. 2. Rep. from * to last 6 sts., m. 1, k. 1, sl. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., m. 1, k. 2 tog.

9th row. K. 2 tog., * m. 1, sl. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k. 1. Rep. from * to last 4 sts., m. 1, sl. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k. 1.

11th row. K. 2 tog., k. 2 tog., k. 4, m. 1, * k. 1, m. 1, k. 4, sl. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k. 4, m. 1. Rep. from * once, k. 1, m. 1, k. 4, sl. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o.

13th row. Sl. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k. 3, m. 1, k. 3, * m. 1, k. 3, sl. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k. 3, m. 1, k. 3. Rep. from * once, m. 1, k. 2, sl. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o.

14th and alternate rows. P. 2 tog., v, to last 2 sts., p. 2 tog.

15th row. K. 2 tog., k. 2, m. 1, sl. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., * m. 1, k. 1, m. 1, k. 2, sl. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k. 2, m. 1, k. 4, m. 1, k. 1, m. 1, k. 4, k. 2 tog., k. from * once, m. 1, k. 1, k. 2 tog.

17th row. K. 2 tog., k. 1, * m. 1, sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. 2, m. 1, k. 1, sl. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k. 1, m. 1, k. 3. Rep. from * once, k. 1, k. 2 tog.

19th row. K. 2 tog., * m. 1, sl. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., m. 1, k. 1. Rep. from * to last 4 sts., m. 1, sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. 2 tog.

21st row. K. 2 tog., k. 3, k. 2 tog., k. 4, m. 1, k. 1, m. 1, k. 4, k. 2 tog., k. 2, k. 2 tog.

23rd row. K. 2 tog., k. 1, k. 2 tog., k., 3, m. 1, k., 3, m. 1, k. 3, k. 2 tog., k. 2 tog.

24th row. P. 2 tog., p. to last 2 sts., p. 2 tog.

Cast off.

NECK BAND

Join shoulder seams.

With right side of work facing and using No. 10 needles, begin at back opening edge and k. up 20 sts. along edge to shoulder, 44 sts. round front neck edge to other shoulder, 20 sts. along neck edge to opening edge. (84 sts.).

Knit 3 rows.

4th row. * k. 1, m. 1, k. 2 tog. Rep. from * to end.

5th row. Knit.

6th row. (K. 3, k. 2 tog.), 3 times, (k. 2, k. 2 tog., k. 2), 9 times, (k. 2 tog., k. 3), 3 times. (69 sts.).

7th row. Knit.

8th row. As 4th row.

9th row. Knit.

10th row. (K. 2, k. 2 tog.), 3 times, (k. 1, k. 2 tog., k. 2), 9 times, (k. 2 tog., k. 2), 3 times. (54 sts.).

11th row. Knit.

12th row. As 4th row.

13th row. Knit.

Cast off loosely.

TO MAKE UP

Press work lightly on wrong side with hot iron over a damp cloth.

Join side and sleeves seams.

Stitch sleeves into armholes, matching seams with side seams and arranging any extra fullness at top of sleeve.

Stitch lower edge of under-wrap at back of border on right edge of back opening.

Work a row of Picot edge round neck and sleeves edges thus: 1 s.c. into foundation edge, * 3 ch., 1 d.c. into 1st of these ch., miss next st. of foundation, 1 s.c. into next st. Rep. from * to end. Press all seams.

Thread ribbon through holes at waist, sleeves and last row of neck border.

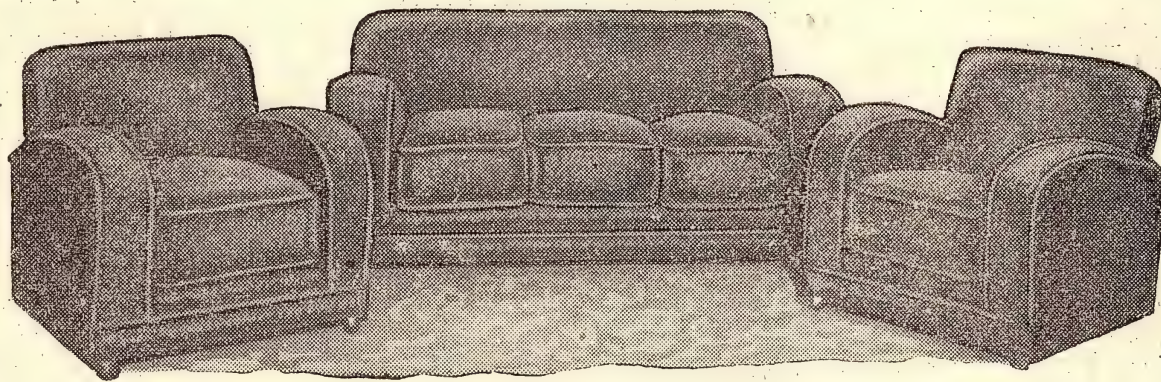
Sew on buttons to match with buttonholes, using hole in border as buttonholes.

SHORT DRESS WITH LONG SLEEVES ON NEXT PAGE.

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THE
PLAINSMAN'S

Family Fun Page

RADIO FEATURE CONTEST

Having now established "The Winslow Boy" as the most popular film of 1949, we are setting out to discover which is the most popular commercial radio feature on the air at present. Just to add to the fun, we are offering prizes to those whose lists approximate most closely the final order of voting.

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO:

Below is a list of 28 radio features heard regularly on week-day evenings from Radio 3ZB. Select what you think will be the six most popular and list them in order from 1 to 6.

Points will be allotted to each feature on your list (i.e. your No. 1 choice will score 6 points, your No. 2 choice 5 points and so on). The prize will go to the persons most closely agreeing with the popular choice.

There is no entry fee and you may send in as many entries as you wish. Just one point more, though, at the foot of your list, write down which of the features you DISLIKE most—that is your own personal dislike, not what you think others dislike.

Address entries to "Radio Feature Contest," c/o. "The Plainsman," P.O. Box 233, Christchurch. The closing date for entries is FRIDAY, MARCH 31st, and the results will be announced in our May issue.

THE PRIZES:

FIRST PRIZE £2/2/-
SECOND PRIZE £1/1/-
THIRD PRIZE 10/6

SIX CONSOLATION PRIZES of Gift Subscriptions to "The Plainsman."

THE LIST OF FEATURES:

Here are the features eligible for consideration. They are listed in alphabetical order:

1. The Adventures of Perry Mason.
2. The Adventures of the Falcon.
3. All Visitors Ashore.
4. Believe It Or Not.
5. Bottle Castle.
6. Daddy and Paddy.
7. Do You Know Quiz.
8. Dragonwyck.
9. Fireside Memories.
10. For Your Own Turntable.
11. The Green Years.
12. Hagen's Circus.
13. Heritage Hall.
14. Hit Parade.
15. In Search of a Playwright.
16. Makers of a New Land.
17. Money-go-Round.
18. Musiquiz.
19. The Quiz Kids.
20. Radio Theatre.
21. The Real McCoys.
22. Scrapbook.
23. Secrets of Scotland Yard.
24. Sons of the Sea.
25. Sorrell and Son.
26. There Ain't No Fairies.
27. Vanity Fair.
28. What's New In Records?

Familiar Moments



"Hmm! 'From my wife.' Oh, darling, but you shouldn't have done it. I can't afford it."

Centennial Quiz

No. 3

Here are more questions from the pages of Canterbury's history. You will find the correct answers on page 34 of this issue.

1. What was the original name of Victoria Street, Christchurch? Was it (a) Queen Street, (b) King Street, (c) Radley Road, (d) Whatley Road?
2. The foundation stone of the Canterbury Provincial Buildings was laid in (a) 1850, (b) 1858, (c) 1862, (d) 1877?

3. If you're a mountaineer, you will know the date of the first successful ascent of Mount Cook and the names of the climbers. If you are not interested in our alpine history, give the Maori name of Mount Cook and its meaning.

4. Electric trams first ran in Christchurch in (a) 1905, (b) 1901, (c) 1899, (d) 1897?

5. What happened in Cathedral Square early in the morning of September 1st, 1888?

6. The Lyttelton tunnel was built in (a) 2 years, (b) 4 years, (c) 6½ years, (d) 8½ years?.

Pen Friends

Werner Hoffman, Leipzig O.5, Stegerwaldstr., 17, Deutschland, Land Sachsen—18-year-old forwarding agent—wants to improve his English and hear from N.Z. boys and girls.
Miss N. M. Wallis, 37 Festing St., Southsea, Hants, England, is interested in sport, needlework and the piano, and wants pen-friends of 18-23 years in N.Z.

KNITTING—continued.

SHORT DRESS



MATERIALS: 4ozs. of "Emu" Unshrinkable 3-ply Vest will be required. Length, 16ins. Sleeve seam, 6ins.

FRONT AND BACK

Work exactly as given but cont. in patt. until work measures only 12ins.

instead of 18ins. before dec. for waist.

SLEEVES

With No. 10 needles cast on 38 sts. and knit 3 rows.

Now rep. patt. rows 1 to 10 inclusive as given for front skirt once.

Change to No. 12 needles and k. 2 rows.

Next row. * k. 1, m. 1, k. 2 tog. Rep. from * to last 2 sts., k. 2.

Next row. Knit.

Change to No. 10 needles and cont. in st. st. inc. 1 st. at both ends of next row and every following 4th row until 48 sts. are on needle.

Cont. without shaping until work measures 6ins., ending with a p. row.

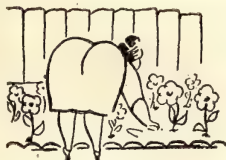
Shape Top thus:

Dec. 1 st. at both ends of every row until 12 sts. remain.

Cast off.

NECK BAND

Make UP exactly as given. Work exactly as given.



"Reticulatus" discusses

GARDENING PROSPECTS



No, indeed, this is not a new feature; not the gee-gees, nor the Speedway. It is just the plain unvarnished gardening page for the month of March. But why Prospects? The answer is simple, but not so obvious. This year is Centennial year, and although we may be rather sick of the word before we hear the last of it, at least we have it in prospect. Anticipation is often better than realisation. But why should it be, especially when it concerns our gardens?

The position is of course that as far as Christchurch, and most of the settled towns like Ashburton, Rangiora, Kaiapoi, and so on, are concerned, it will be put to committees that a good way of celebrating the Centennial is to have masses of flowers. These must be ready at the most seasonable time of the year. March will be late for the major display, but this March is the month when we can take stock of those blossoms that will do well for decorating, floats, halls, platforms, monuments, and many an other purpose that will suggest itself to enterprising committees.

Someone will have to grow these blossoms, and there will be little profit

in it, but if flowers are to be bought, or decorations to be hired, the charges will be fairly high. The gardening prospects come in here. Why cannot every reader of this magazine arrange to have a supply of flowers that open in January and February?

It is quite clear that these must be blooms which can be used in vases, tubs, and large containers. It is also clear that they must be of strong colours, able to last in water for some time. Further they should be blooms which will stand up to some rough treatment. Who can tell that there will not be in some centre a "Battle of Flowers?" It has been done before, in France, Switzerland, Italy and parts of the U.S.A. Flowers are a very economical way of providing fun for one another, and while there is time to plan for it all, suggestions are put forward for plantings to give flowers during the main summer months.

Flowers which come within that category include chrysanthemum, the early flowering varieties, especially Mrs Herbert Sutcliffe; dahlias in all the bright colours; marigolds, especially the African and the tall French; antirrhinum, the tall sorts, in which

the colours are not so brilliant as in the semi-dwarf varieties, but the spikes are handsome, long, and sturdy. For a floral fete they may be broken up into short pieces. Delphinium can be added, for, in January and February the second bloom spikes come, these are short but useful. Hollyhock come into the picture. So do asters if they can be induced to bloom early enough. It must be noted that this year these flowers are late for any mid-summer service. The good old, but much maligned, calendula are just the flower for our job. Plant yards and yards of them, they can be easily hoed out later if they become a nuisance. The perpetual flowing carnations must not be overlooked, any more than the useful sweet pea. These are a light flower, but used in clusters they can be thrown or strewn along the path of the procession to good advantage. They take up little room in growing. Scarlet salvia would be good if only it would flower early, but it fails every time. Nice giant stocks are right for timing, but the colours are not strong. Nevertheless have plenty of them for they are good blossoms. Sweet Sultans can be had as a reserve line, and zinnias planned for in the warm gardens, but like salvia they can be disappointing.

Ah but I hear you remark, "You have left out the most obvious flower, the Rose." Yes, indeed, because it is such a beggar to fail us at the time when we need it, and for our purpose we need hundreds and hundreds of plants all in bloom at the right time. It is no go for January-February. Oh yes though, what about the hybrid polyanthus; they are just right, and the beauty of it all is there is something good left after the show. We have some useful roses. Orange Triumph is the variety, and those will be happy folk who have made provision by planting a bed of two or three dozen in 1948, or 1949, for theirs will be the joy of having armfuls of glorious blossoms to use at the Fete of Flowers commemorating the Centennial of Canterbury.

Home Gardeners!

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11 NEW REGENT STREET

THE STORY OF SOUTHBRIDGE

Written for THE PLAINSMAN by W. A. Taylor

THE country town of Southbridge, terminus of the Ellesmere branch railway, is in the news with the recommendation of the Local Government Commission that it be merged into the county. Although it has not progressed in population like its twin sister, Leeston, Southbridge is the centre of a considerable amount of business activity, and like all Canterbury towns it has its own story of development from pioneer days.

Among the first landowners in the district were Messrs Harman and Stevens, who in 1852, owned 6000 acres there. By the following year, there were eight persons in control of some 88,000 acres. Then in 1862, the district was surveyed for closer settlement by Messrs Beetham and H. J. Cridland.

Other prominent settlers of the early days were Messrs W. Hislop, E. Jollie and C. J. Budge and they were the men who on March 30th, 1871, petitioned for a police station. But nothing happened until a second petition was delivered in March, 1876.

In those days, the town had two hotels and within a radius of three miles, the population totalled 420. In 1868, the Southbridge School was opened by the Rev W. G. J. Bluett. That building was destroyed by fire in 1924, and in the following year it was decided that the Ellesmere County District High School should be located at Southbridge. The new school was opened by the Hon C. J. Parr and the Hon Sir R. Heaton Rhodes on February 3, 1926.

Here are other important dates in Southbridge's history:

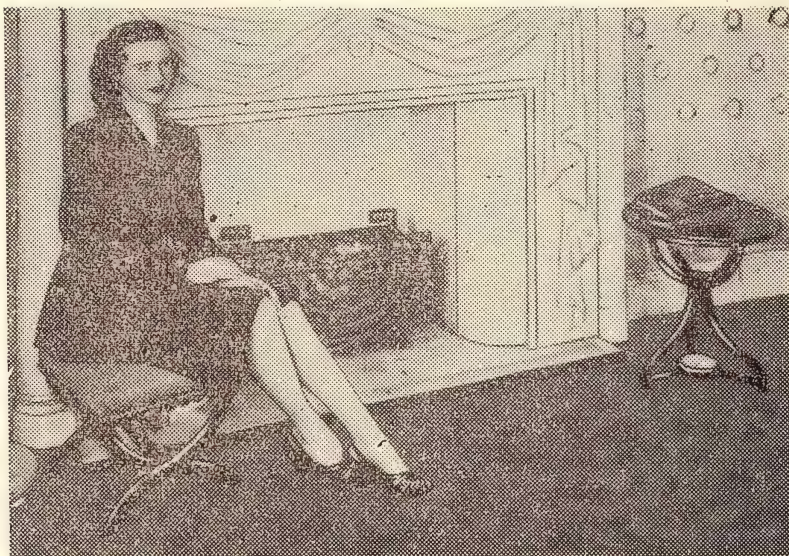
- 1865—On April 1, first meeting of the Southbridge Town Board. On January 22, opening of St. James Anglican Church, consecrated on March 9 by Bishop Harper. (This building was destroyed by fire and replaced in 1935 by the present building.)
- 1869—First Wesleyan Church erected at Bishop's Corner, but later shifted to a more central position.
- 1870—Presbyterian Church opened. It was enlarged in 1883.
- 1873—The first Southbridge Town Hall opened on June 16 by the Hon William Rolleston, Superintendent of Canterbury province. The present town hall was opened in 1930.
- 1875—The railway was opened to Southbridge on July 13.
- 1878—St. Joseph's Roman Catholic Church opened on August 8 by Revs Ginnaty and Chervier.
- 1881—Opening of the Southbridge Court House, August 10.



MAIN STREET: Looking at Southbridge from the railway terminus.

—Photo: W. A. Taylor.

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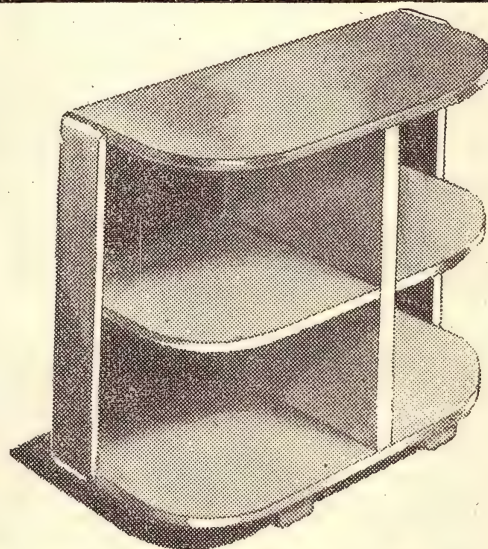
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Back Through The Sporting Years . . .

FIFTY YEARS AGO

By "KIWI"

MARCH, 1900 . . . a month of absorbing interest to the sportsman with an eye for perspective, and to the historian. The talk was all of the war—the Boer War—of the coming of the motor-car, of the deplorable tendency of young women to be seen on the streets riding bicycles. It was a gay and romantic era; our fathers might tell us it was a better world then, and a simpler one. The young ladies of the period and their escorts shared the leisurely intimacy of the hansom cab; the women wore skirts which swept the ground, and the fulsome leg of mutton sleeves. With the successes in Transvaal that March brought, the bands paraded, the town celebrated, and everywhere one could hear the strains of "Soldiers of the Queen," "Sons of the Sea," "Red, White and Blue" and "Rule Britannia." There was no argument then whether we were an Empire or a Commonwealth.

For cricketers it was an important month, for in it Canterbury met a Victorian team for the first time since 1877. And a good team it was, with the foremost figure in the redoubtable Hugh Trumble. The hansoms and the four-wheelers rolled down to Lancaster Park, for interest in the Melbourne Cricket Club's all-conquering team was high indeed. Cricketers were just emerging from their most hirsute age and Canterbury cricket was progressing.

Hero of the visitors' first innings against Canterbury was Harry Graham, who batted like a copybook until he had reached his century, then on the second morning gave one of the most thrilling displays of hitting the park has seen. Canterbury had batted first, on an indifferent wicket, and Hugh Trumble had taken 6 for

89 against the bowling of Trumble and Fry but in the second innings scored 246. For New Zealand C. A. Richardson of Wellington batted three hours and 50 minutes for 114, and the innings was described as one of the finest exhibitions of sound defensive play ever seen at Lancaster Park.

In March, the death was reported of the famous English and Yorkshire slow bowler, Edmund Peate; at Napier, Christchurch was beaten in the final of the Savile Cup polo competition; Cambridge won the boat race, and Ambush II, owned by the Prince of Wales, won the Grand National in England.

At the annual meeting of the Christchurch Golf Club it was stated that "extensive operations had been carried out at Russley. Eighteen greens were finished and a club house with sleeping accommodation had been built." A resolution was put to the meeting that "In view of the distance from town of Russley and of the difficulty and expense of keeping the greens there really good the incoming committee be instructed to procure a lease with a purchasing clause of certain land known to the committee" . . . a sub-committee was appointed to inquire into the matter.

The main news in the papers, of course, was of the war in South Africa, and there was great rejoicing when it was announced that Cronje had surrendered unconditionally. Soon after came the relief of Ladysmith, then the relief of Kimberley. At the Amuri sheep fair in March, a record price of 17s 8d was paid for two-tooth half-bred ewes, and reports from Sydney told of the inroads of bubonic plague which had already spread in several other countries. On March 22 the new fire brigade station in Lichfield Street was opened, the land for it costing £955 and on the 28th the first sod was turned on the Waipara-Cheviot railway, the beginning of the completion of the link between Picton and Canterbury.

31 in a total of 93. Graham, on the second day, scored 68 in 26 minutes and the M.C.C. totalled 336. Canterbury at the second attempt scored 135, Archie Ridley, who died in Christchurch a few weeks ago, playing a fine innings for 63.

A fortnight later the Australians were back, this time to play New Zealand. This time they made 367, A. C. Russell missing his century by two runs. New Zealand made only

NEXT MONTH!

THE PLAINSMAN introduces the first of a series of articles on famous horses associated with Canterbury.

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Canterbury CHILDREN'S CLUB

CONDUCTED BY Peter Piper

TIMITI TROUT (Or Down In The Lake)

By
JOHN DAWSON

Chapter Three

Timiti stared in amazement, for he'd never seen so many eels in all his life. Huge grandfather eels with rattly barnacles hanging on their sides; dashing young eels with a glint in their eyes; cuddly, fat mother eels with knitting in their fins; coy little lady eels sidling through the weeds—and there were dozens and dozens of tiny eels darting everywhere.

"Thank goodness for your grandfather's spare overcoat," whispered Timiti. "I'd never stand a chance in all this crowd."

"The youngsters will be in bed soon," answered Eddie. "Then the fun begins."

Sure enough—in a moment or two there was a whining through the weeds and every eel stood still with a fin behind its ear.

"Attention please! Attention please!" came a deep voice through a loud speaker. "Will all eels under one foot long please go home to bed?"

"S'all right, pal," said Eddie as he saw his friend glance quickly back at his tail. "We're both well over."

And as the youngsters streamed away, big eels in overalls hurried on to the scene with trolleys of food and Timiti rubbed his tummy happily for it was a long long time since he'd eaten his mother's lovely afternoon tea up at the little home in the lake shallows.

"We'll have to wait a bit," remarked Eddie. "The older ones have to go first and then we'll have the left-overs. Why! Look! There's Mum. I've told her about you."

Mrs Oyl was fat and comfy-looking but when Eddie whispered in her ear, she frowned darkly and glanced all round her before she dared say a word to Timiti. "You be careful," was all she said. Then—"If you get in trouble, Eddie, remember the dark shelf in the hot water cylinder. He'll be all right in there."

"What's she mean?" asked Timiti, but Eddie was staring in front of him in worried fashion. "I wish I hadn't brought you after all," was all he said. Then, with a flick of his tail, he laughed and hugged his mother so that her spectacles fell off. "Let's have some fun while we can!" he called. "C'mon, pal."

It was while feasting at the left-overs on the trolleys that the two

friends saw a great knot of people over in one of the corners and heard a wailing once more through the weeds.

"Attention please! Attention please! Will you clear the ground for our special attraction as advertised please?"

Then, through the knot of eels in the corner appeared five huge black fellows, surging and dropping and lifting as they came. And behind them, on a long rope of water grass, they dragged a cage full of . . . Timiti gasped in horror . . . a cage full of young TROUT!

"Eddie!" he screamed. "Eddie. Look!"

But Eddie was suddenly taken with a spasm of frightful coughing and hicking and spluttering. And in between the coughs, he managed to hiss. "For crying in the boulders, Timiti. Remember where and who you are. Pat me on the back and people will think I screamed instead of you."

Sure enough, when Timiti turned round there were a dozen or so eels looking at him suspiciously. Eddie started another coughing fit, rolling round in pretended pain and when Timiti had patted him on the back several times and helped him to his tail again, interest in the pair had disappeared.

A huge circle of eels had formed round the cage of weeping trout and with one accord the long black shapes began bowing to each other before linking fins. There was a tremendous roar and suddenly there began a weird and very wonderful dance—at least Timiti would have thought it wonderful if he hadn't been so scared. Backwards the crowd weaved slowly and then surged right up to the bars of the cage where each eel stood on its tail and grinned in a fearsome way. Round and round and back and down; forward and up, turn to the side; waving of fins, jerking of tails and a frightful gnashing of teeth which sounded like waves on a stony beach. In spite of himself, Timiti found his own tail and fins keeping in time to the gruesome rhythm.

"We'll have to join in," shouted Eddie above the noise and he hurried to a space where he and Timiti linked their fins and danced with the rest.

"Feast for to-morrow!" chanted the crowd. "Feast for to-morrow!"

THIS MONTH'S COMPETITIONS

Eleven Years and Over: The answer to each sentence is one word which begins with the letters "CAT." Let's see how many of you get them all right. There will be book prizes for the neatest, correct entries.

1. A cat that is an overwhelming tragedy.
2. A cat that grows into a butterfly.
3. A cat that throws a stone.
4. A cat that grows in the garden.
5. A cat that grows on trees.
6. A cat that puts things in their correct order.

Under Eleven Years: We want you to draw and cut out Timiti Trout or his friend Eddie Oyl. You can colour them in too if you like and there will be book prizes for the best entries.

COMPETITION RESULTS

Eleven Years and Over

There were over seventy entries in the January competition and Alfred the Elf and I had a terribly difficult afternoon judging them all. Every single entry was correct, so we had to take the neatest and best laid out as the winners. Book prizes go to the following members:

Kay Caldwell, Spreydon.

Jeanne Rudkin, Kalapoi.

And the following ten members sent in entries which were very highly commended: Gona Tunbridge, Rosemary Baynon, Carole Johnston, Unis Wilson, Rosalie Oakley, Maureen Stephens, Jean Tate, Averil McGeorge, Elizabeth Lockie, Jennifer Sealey.

Under Eleven Years

We asked you to print and colour the words 1950—HAPPY NEW YEAR and you sent us some wonderful entries. Alfred was tearing his hair when we were judging, but at last we whittled the best down to the following two who win book prizes.

Barbara Burrows, Richmond.

Bruce Dunstan, Oxford.

And these boys and girls did work worthy of special mention: Ruth McHarg, Elizabeth Livesey, Joy Wayne, Beverly Aldersley, Graham McHarg, Beverley Cordell, Winston McGeorge, Colleen Cordell, Ivan Smith.

And—"No! No! Nooooo!" wept the young trout in the cage.

No one knew exactly how it happened, but the young lady eel next door to Timiti suddenly tripped up and her skirt caught in the zip of Timiti's eel overcoat. With a dreadful ripping sound the big black leathery coat came right off and Timiti was left with his silver gleaming in the gloom of that frightening crowd of eels.

"Eddie!" he screamed once again.

"Oh, Eddie!"

"I thought so," called one nasty-looking thin eel to another. "I had a fair idea there was something funny about that chap in the big black coat. It's a juicy trout, chaps. Come, let's put him in the cage."

"Not on your life," shouted another. "Let's have him now. First catch—first eat. And—whacko boys, he's going to be mine."

While Timiti stood, quite frozen with horror, his friend, Eddie, tugged him with a strong fin. "Follow me, Timiti—it's life or death you know."

(To be Continued.)

HOLIDAY IN NELSON

We had a wonderful holiday in Nelson with plenty of swimming and sunbathing at Tahuna beach. We went to Kaiteriteri twice and brought some of the lovely golden sand home. One day we left early and went 80 miles over to Takaka where we saw the famous Pupu springs, the tame eels which eat blanchmange from a spoon and a trout which eats mincemeat. We also saw the Onckaka iron deposits and the Aorere limestone caves.

The caves were marvellous, though we got in a mess. There were stalagmites and stalactites, crystals, a fairy grotto, a gnome retreat, stalactites which played like an organ when they were hit, a bridal chamber that looked beautiful when the lamp shone on it, a snow lady, Lot's wife and lots of other things.

We passed by the Devil's Boots—two huge limestone rocks like boots upside down. Have you been to Nelson? If not, you should do so as there are so many things to do and see. We went up to the centre of New Zealand and had a wonderful view of Sunny Nelson and the hundreds of glasshouses. For three weeks we stayed in a house at Mount Street—the street where the sun's rays are recorded. I could ramble on for hours about the holiday but time is getting on. Love from Anne Robinson, Shirley.

IN OUR MAIL BAG

Gene O'Neill: It's fun moving to a new house, isn't it, Gene.

Shirley Mills: Glad you are enjoying Timiti's adventures, Shirley.

Joan Ellis: Thank you, Joan, for your kind remarks about our pages.

Anne Robinson: What a wonderful holiday you had up in Nelson, Anne!

CAN ANYONE HELP?

Averil Wheeler, Adderley Terrace, Kaiapoi R.M.D., is 12 and would like an overseas penfriend? Can anyone give her an address to write to? Her hobbies are knitting, swimming and farm life.

NEW MEMBERS

Alfred the Elf got out his big book this month and entered lots of new members of our club. And beside each one, he printed "Welcome" in his best printing. Here are the names:

Beverley Cordell, Christchurch; Ngaire Tippet, Hornby; Jeanne Rudkin, Kaiapoi; Shona Mackenzie, Timaru; Colleen Cordell, Christchurch; Daphne Aldersley, Christchurch; Margaret Cordell, Christchurch; Dorothy Lawson, Oxford; Graham McHarg, Christchurch; Unis Wilson, Kaiapoi; Ruth McHarg, Christchurch; Brian Taylor, Sumner; Barrie Cook, Avonside; Isobel Gibson, Springfield; H. Carpenter, Sockburn; Nola Wilson, Kaiapoi; Rosalie Oakley, Hawera; Jean Tate, Hinds; Jennifer Sealey, Linwood; Ivan Pat, Harewood; Paye Gallop, Plaxton; Margaret Adorian, Bryndwr; Kelynn Painter, Richmond; Jean Lockie, St. Albans; John Aitkin, New Brighton; Elizabeth Lockie, St. Albans; Mary Gridgeman, Sydenham; Audrey Walburton, Riccarton; Ivan Smith, Woodend.

GRAND PAINTING CONTEST

In the April issue of THE PLAINSMAN, there will be a Painting Contest with wonderful prizes. Watch for it!

FOREIGN PLACE NAMES IN CANTERBURY

As Canterbury was an English settlement it is natural that many of the place names in the province should be English, but because of the inevitable failure of the pioneers to keep their settlement exclusively English it is also natural that there should be "foreign" names.

Before the Canterbury Pilgrims arrived, two Scots, John and William Deans were settled on the Canterbury Plains near the future site of Christchurch, and there were other Scots, the Hays, Sinclairs, Gebbies and Mansons round Banks Peninsula. One result is that the important Christchurch suburb of Riccarton bears a "foreign" name for an English settlement. It is named after the home village of the Deans brothers in Ayrshire, Scotland.

As Shakespeare is often referred to as "The Bard" or "Swan of Avon" it might reasonably be assumed that "Avon" is as English as "Thames." But the river that meanders through the heart of Christchurch is not named after an English river but after a Scottish Avon which flows into the Clyde near Hamilton. The Avon at Christchurch was named by the Deans brothers.

Christchurch is named after the Oxford College not after the Hampshire town of that name. Therefore, it is a pure coincidence that Christchurch in Hampshire, England, and Christchurch in Canterbury, New Zealand, both stand on a river Avon. The word "Avon" is of Celtic origin and means "river." There are several Avons in England and Scotland.

French Names

The French settlement at Akaroa has naturally left a few French place names round Banks Peninsula. Duvauchelles and Le Bon's are two that come readily to mind. The origin of the latter is obscure. According to one story the name should really be Bone Bay because of the large number of whale bones left by the early whalers on the beach there. Another explanation is that the bay is named after Le Bon, the captain of a French whaler, and if a third explanation is correct then the name should be Le Bon Bay, that is the Good Bay, a name said to have been given by early French whalers.

Down in South Canterbury there are perhaps more place names of Scottish origin than in any other part of the province though the proximity of Otago does not necessarily account for this.

The large area of sheep grazing land known as the Mackenzie Country is called after a Scot whose name lives in New Zealand history because he apparently inherited his Highland ancestors' taste for raiding the Lowlands for cattle and sheep. Fairlie, the chief town in the Mackenzie

Country is so named because of some resemblance the locality is supposed to bear to that of Fairlie in Scotland, but there are considerable differences as the Scottish Fairlie is by the sea on the Firth of Clyde.

St. Andrews, one might imagine, is named after the old grey town in Scotland famous as the home of the "royal and ancient" game. But according to the official history of South Canterbury it was named after Andrew Turnbull, for many years manager of the Pareora run. Andrews was formerly known as Lower Pareora.

There is no doubt about the Scottish origin of Morven. The land for the township was purchased from the wealthy squatter, Allan MacLean who came from Morven, Scotland. MacLean has left a memorial to himself in the MacLean Institute, Christchurch.

Geraldine is of Irish origin. It is the Irish family name of the Fitzgeralds and the town was so called in honour of Edward Fitzgerald, first superintendent of Canterbury, after such names as Godley Town, Killigarr, Fitzgerald, Leinster, Talbot and Raukaruki had been rejected.

Ashburton is of English origin but its suburb of Tinwald is Scottish, being named after Tinwald Downs, Dumfriesshire by an early landowner of the district, Robert Wilkin.

Methven is another Canterbury town that owes its name to a Scottish settler, and Laghmore, a Gaelic word meaning "large fields" was bestowed by another of the MacLean clan, one Duncan.—J.P.

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They passed this way

A SERIAL STORY

by Michael Strange

The story so far . . .

This is the story of the Manly family, headed by John and Mary who came to Christchurch in the early days. Now the children are grown up—Richard, the eldest son, whom his father hoped would join him in the building trade, has run away to sea; Frank, a farmer is married with a baby daughter; Jane is schoolteaching, and William, the youngest, is studying architecture in Sydney. The other leading character of the story is Effie White, whom the Manlys met on their first day in New Zealand, and who is now reunited with the family after an absence of 24 years. The story continues:

CHAPTER 16

Life moved along very smoothly for the Manly family during the next year. Mary was happy with her letters from Frank, telling of the progress of Adeline Mary, and with her letters from William and Richard. As for John, he was beginning to sit back and take things easy. He had put on a lot of weight, and moved much more slowly than before. Several times he

had declared his intention to retire from the firm but Mary would not hear of this.

"I won't let you do it, John," she would say. "If you retire now, how can the firm ever become 'John Manly and Son?'" You simply must stay on, even if you go down to the office for only a few hours each day. Retire indeed! Did I ever hear the like. You'll do no such thing . . . not yet."

And John would smile in his quiet way, and pat her hand and say: "Very well, my dear. You know best. But I'll never live to see a son of mine in business with me. It's been too much to hope for. When a man reaches the age of sixty he cherishes few illusions. I set my heart on having my eldest boy with me but it wasn't to be, so, I bow my head to the inevitable."

While John's home grew mellow with age, and the trees which he had planted so many years before bore fruit each according to its kind, Christchurch grew more and more like a little piece of England. The green parks, with their elms and oaks and lime trees; the sheep browsing contentedly near the riverbanks, and the joyous songs of the thrushes and blackbirds made more than one immigrant exclaim in delight "It's just like home."

But the songs of the birds, and the pleasing vistas of river and trees meant nothing to John on that black day in March when he had received that urgent message to call at the Shipping Office. Somehow, he had known for years that it would come . . . some day. The manager was most sympathetic and tactful. One of his own boys was at sea. It could easily have been his son, not John Manly's.

John walked home with heavy heart and dragging steps. Mary knew as soon as she saw him enter the gate that something was wrong. She had been sitting on the verandah, reading a book. She hurried to her husband's side and taking his arm, guided him to her chair. With a weary sigh he sat down, and leaning forward, covered his face with his hands.

"Oh John! Tell me quickly," cried Mary, her voice breaking with fear. "It isn't . . . Richard?"

John bowed his head. Mary sank to the floor and throwing her arms around her husband's knees, burst into a flood of tears.

"I've just had word," whispered John, gently touching his wife's wet face. "Richard's ship, the 'Dunedin' . . . lost with all hands."

* * *

John never ceased to marvel at the way Mary had stood up to the shock. After the first flood of tears had subsided, she had regained her composure in a remarkable way.

"It had to be, John," she had said. "After all, it isn't so bad as losing one who is with us every day. I knew it would happen this way."

And John had tried to console her with the thought that he too had feared that Richard would go in that manner, though he always tried to fight the thought. Effie had been a wonderful companion during the trying days which followed. Tactfully, sympathetically, she went about her work, never once giving any sign that she remembered ever having spoken about such a possibility, though she too had known in her heart that Richard would be lost at sea. But each night, before she fell asleep, she prayed that her presentiment about their grand-daughter might have been wrong.

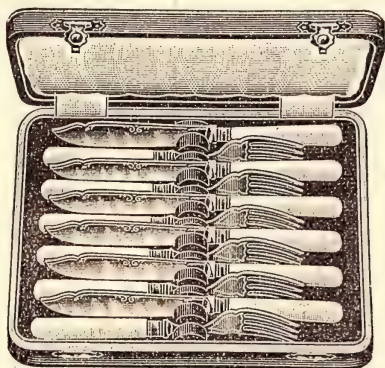
Adeline Mary was a year old when John and his wife first saw her. Clara came for a week's holiday bringing with her the most beautiful baby girl Mary and John had ever seen.

"My dear," Mary gasped, when they met Clara at the station. "Where

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did you get that beautiful baby? Those blue eyes, that golden curly hair . . . and the china doll skin . . . heavens John, isn't she lovely?"

John had never seen such an angelic looking child in all his life and he said so.

"It's worth waiting a year to see your first grandchild, when you find she's such a bonny baby as this. Clara, we must have her photo taken to-morrow afternoon."

"Wait till Effie sees this baby," said Mary. "Just look at her, John. You know Clara, when we got Frank's telegram saying you had a baby girl, I called John on the telephone straight away, and Effie, she's our house-keeper, said 'She will be a beautiful child.' I was so thrilled because Effie is very good like that, isn't she, John?"

"Er . . . yes. Oh yes," agreed John. "Effie is . . . very good." He had been thinking that so far, this beautiful grand-daughter of theirs had uttered not a sound. No baby prattlings . . . no gurgling chuckles of delight.

"Yes," he continued. "Effie is usually right. In fact, she's always right."

He glanced quickly at his wife, but if she had noticed anything unusual about the baby she gave no sign. She seemed fascinated at the unusual beauty of this tiny morsel of humanity which she held on her knee.

"Take Grandma's finger," she said, holding up her right hand. The baby clutched Mary's forefinger and guided it to her mouth.

"There you are," laughed Mary. "She's hungry, and I expect you too will be glad of something to eat, Clara. But you can depend on Effie to have something tempting ready for you. She's a real treasure, is our Effie. She was with us when Frank was born you know, but she left when Mum and Dad arrived from England and we didn't see her for nearly twenty-five years. I must tell you some day how we first met her. It was many, many years ago and why, here we are at the gate already."

Mary gave the baby back to Clara while they alighted from the cab and went up the garden path. "The same place," said Clara with a glance of admiration at the garden. "But it's even lovelier than before. I don't know how you grow such flowers."

"You have to love them if you want them to do well," said Mary, lightly.

Effie met them on the verandah and escorted them inside the house. "What do you think of our grand-daughter, Effie?" asked Mary still bewitched by the rich colouring of Adeline Mary.

"I told you she would be beautiful," said Effie, taking Clara's portmanteau upstairs. "But I hardly expected to find her as lovely as this. She's almost too beautiful to be real!"

As the evening wore on, John became more and more convinced that there was something wrong with the child. He noticed that if he spoke to her and nodded his head, or waved his hand,

she responded with an expression something like mild interest and surprise, but when he called to her, and made no movement at all, she made no response whatever. Finally, more or less accidentally, John contrived to let a heavy book fall flat on the floor. Clara gave a sudden start, but the baby remained as still as a stone image. John realised that what he feared must be true. Adeline Mary was quite deaf. That meant she was also dumb.

Mary thought that John was a little more tired than usual when they went to bed that night. While she raved enthusiastically about their wonderful grandchild, John's comments were few, and brief.

"Oh yes," he agreed. "She's lovely. A bonny child. Like Frank? No, of course not. Mmm! Probably grow up to be a famous beauty."

John yawned and re-arranged his pillow. Mary was still talking about the baby when he drifted off to sleep.

Never once during the seven days while Clara and the baby were staying with them, did John hear the child emit the slightest sound. Several times he was on the verge of asking if she could say "Mum" or "Dad" and each time Mary forestalled him with some fatuous remark about the child's skin, or hair, or the colour of her eyes. Clara just smiled happily. She seemed to worship her baby and laughed and talked to her as she lay kicking in the cot which John had resurrected from the loft above the coach-house. And everything that Mary said was supported most enthusiastically by Effie. During that week the whole Manly household revolved around the baby.

"Hang it," thought John. "Have those women no ears, or eyes?"

It wasn't until they had said goodbye to Clara and watched the Springfield train grunt its way out of the

(Continued Overleaf)

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THE AVON

THEY PASSED THIS WAY

(Continued from Previous Page)

station that John ventured a cautious remark. He and Mary were walking home from the station, talking about Clara and Frank and Adeline Mary.

"My dear," began John after a long pause. "Did you notice anything strange about the baby?"

"Strange?" exclaimed Mary, "What do you mean, John?"

John decided to come to the point as quickly as possible. "Well, I don't like to say this . . . but . . . I'm quite convinced that the child is deaf and dumb. Surely you must have noticed it too?"

"Of course I did," replied Mary. "I realised that the moment I saw her a week ago."

John's feet suddenly lost their power to move. "You what?" he exclaimed in astonishment.

"John," said Mary. "I would rather have died than let that poor girl see I noticed anything wrong with her child. Right from the start I could see she was terrified lest we should pass some remark about it. And I was scared to death you would blurt out something about it. That was why I kept on babbling so insanely. That was why I interrupted you so many times."

John commenced walking again. Absently he kicked an acorn from the path. "Good Lord," was all he could say.

"I'm so sorry for Clara and Frank," Mary went on. "It's a terrible tragedy. Terrible. If only we could do something to help."

Mary touched her eyes with a tiny handkerchief. "Oh John," she said. "Why do such things have to be?"

"God knows," said John Manly. "God knows."

* * *

Mary had no indication of the surprise contained in William's letter. Even Effie had given her no indication that good news was on the water. And it was good news . . . the best Mary had had for years. William was coming home.

Ten days later, they were on the Lyttelton wharf even before the "Mararoa" had steamed in the heads. Mary was almost as excited as a child. When the vessel came in sight she

could not resist an exclamation of wonder.

"Oh John! Isn't she beautiful. So clean looking with her green hull and black and red funnel. William must be very proud to be among the passengers on her first trip across."

Mary shaded her eyes with her hand. She looked very matronly in her long black cape trimmed with sequins. It was the finest they could buy in the city. And her bonnet was a marvel of black straw and ostrich tips. John too was dressed in his best. His grey striped trousers and long black coat made him look quite tall in spite of the stoop of his shoulders. Mary had said that he needed a grey beard to give him the real grandfather appearance but John resolutely refused to grow more than a pair of sideboards. That had been a special consideration in honour of Adeline Mary.

Slowly the "Mararoa" approached the wharf. Hundreds of sightseers had assembled to see the arrival of the new ship. It was indeed a great day for Lyttelton.

"We should be able to see him soon," cried Mary, her heart now beating a little faster than usual. "He's sure to be standing at the rail."

"Don't forget it's a man we have to look for," warned John. "He's nearly twenty-three."

"A man, yes, but still our baby," whispered Mary. She clutched John's arm suddenly. "I can see him," she cried. "There he is. He's seen us. He's waving."

"By jove, you're right," shouted John, waving his stick in the air. "And look at the size of him . . . half a head above everyone else."

Mary waved her handkerchief vigorously. "Isn't it wonderful?" she said. "I'm so happy I could cry."

"And let William see you with red eyes," protested John. "Don't do any such thing. This is a time for rejoicing, not weeping."

But John too was aware of a strange sensation in his throat. After all these years . . . their boy . . . their baby, was coming home. He cleared his throat vigorously and waved his stick again. Would the ship never draw alongside?

After what seemed hours she touched the wharf, the gangway was pushed across, and the first to rush down it was William Manly. With a glad cry of "Hello" he dropped his bag on the wharf, flung one arm around his mother, seized his father's right hand, while for a few seconds they forgot the ship and the crowd and the years of waiting. Nothing mattered now except that they were reunited. William was home. At first none of them could speak. Then they all wanted to talk at once. Gradually they worked their way to the customs officials and then to the train.

"Neither of you look a day older," said William at last, when they had found seats.

"I'm afraid we can't say the same of you," laughed his father. "I had no idea you'd be so tall."

"It's usually the way, John," said Mary, a happy smile transforming her face. "The baby of the family generally grows up to be the biggest of them all . . . and the cleverest."

Mary Manly had great hopes for the future of her boy.

* * *

William's home-coming made a great difference to the Manly family. There was an air of happiness over the whole house. John declared that Mary looked ten years younger. She walked from room to room singing softly to herself, arranging a vase of flowers here . . . altering a bowl there. To her the sun simply rose and set for William. As soon as she awoke in the morning her first thought would be "What shall we have for dinner to-day? Something William likes. Let me see. I wonder does he still like —" and then she would hurry into her slippers and go to Effie's room to discuss cooking arrangements.

"He's grown into a handsome man," said Effie, when Mary asked her if she thought William had the eyes of an artist. "I've never known an artist . . . not a real one, so I couldn't give an opinion about his eyes. But they are fine eyes, and with his dark hair and well-formed features you'll have every spinster in the place running after him."

"He's not yet twenty-three" protested Mary, as if that were far too young an age for marriage. "He has his career to think of."

"They all forget about such things as careers when the right girl smiles at them. Look at Frank. Only a year older than William and he's married with a baby over twelve months old," said Effie.

Mary's face clouded for an instant. She sat in the easy chair by the window and watched Effie scraping carrots. "We haven't told William anything about Adeline Mary . . . yet," she said.

Effie picked up another carrot and began to scrape it vigorously. This was the first time Mary had given Effie any indication that she knew the baby was deaf and dumb. Effie paused a moment in her scraping.

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"What do you mean, Mrs Manly?" she asked.

Their eyes met, then Effie resumed her work.

"You know what I mean, Effie," said Mary. "You can't tell me you didn't realise that the child was stone deaf?"

Effie paused again. "I knew it the day she was born," she said slowly. "But I wasn't going to spoil your happiness. I made one mistake. That was enough."

"You mean . . . years ago . . . when you told me about Richard?" ventured Mary.

"Yes. I vowed then that never again would I tell . . . if it would bring sorrow."

Mary looked up at that grey hair and those dark, understanding eyes. "That was thoughtful of you, Effie," she said. "Thoughtful . . . and kind. I think it's better not to know . . . sometimes."

"Much better," agreed Effie. "We don't realise that when we are young. We just blurt out something not thinking how much pain we may cause . . . perhaps not caring. As we grow older we get more sense and we realise that we weren't meant to know, otherwise everyone would have this . . . this gift, or whatever you like to call it."

Another carrot went into the saucepan. Mary thought over Effie's words for a few minutes before asking another question. "Effie," she said. "Do you often have the presentiments?"

"No. Thank the Lord," replied Effie. "I think I'd go mad if I did. It just seems that sometimes I see something . . . at the back of my mind, you might say, and I feel that what I see is true. That's the only way I can describe it. It's just a flash, and then it's gone, but it's blinding while it lasts. I'm glad it doesn't come very often. It's dangerous."

Mary looked a little puzzled. "Dangerous, Effie? What do you mean by that? Surely it could be a blessing sometimes?"

Effie shook her head, and looked through the window towards the hills. "This is the way I look at it now," she explained. "I didn't always think this way, but you change your views as you grow older. It's dangerous because, suppose a woman came to me and asked my advice about something. I don't want to disappoint her because she has heard that Effie White is very good at this sort of thing. Well, I can't see anything . . . really . . . and I tell her anything which comes into my mind . . . anything I think might be right. She goes away and my words have made a deep impression on her. They're sure to because she thinks 'This woman is always right. People say so. She must be right this time.' And she broods over what I said so much that she makes it come true. Do you see what I mean?"

"I think so . . . but, is it possible

to think yourself into such a state that—"

"It's possible all right," answered Effie. "No. It's better not to know."

Mary sighed . . . a long sigh of resignation. "Still, in Richard's case, you were right. We did everything we could to prevent his going to sea. It was no use. No use at all. We might just as well have told the tide not to come in."

"Just as well," agreed Effie, giving the saucepan a shake and carrying it to the stove. "You'd better tell William," she said, looking up at the clock.

"About Adeline Mary?"

"Yes. He'll have to know . . . some time."

"I think I'll tell him to-night," decided Mary. * * *

"And although she's the most beautiful baby imaginable, she is completely deaf."

"Lord. What a tragedy," gasped William. He and his mother were walking around the garden in the cool of the evening. Mary had told him all that happened when Clara had stayed with them not so many weeks before.

"And it means, of course, that she'll be dumb also," said William. "What a handicap, especially as she is evidently going to be a very pretty child."

"She's much more than pretty," explained Mary, plucking a leaf from a shrub. "She's angelic. There's no other word which describes her. Don't think I'm raving about her simply because she's our first grandchild. It isn't that. Your father and Effie will tell you how lovely she is."

William made no further comment. He was thinking hard. "I wonder if they would send her to Sydney?" he said suddenly. "I mean, later on,

(Continued Overleaf)

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THEY PASSED THIS WAY

(Continued from Previous Page)

when she's older. Her mother could take her."

Mary turned and faced William, her eyes bright with interest and hope. "You mean . . . for treatment?"

"Probably an operation."

"But I thought nothing could be done in cases of total deafness?" said Mary. "At least, that's what I've always believed."

They started to walk again. Mary took her son's arm and held tightly to his sleeve.

"Oh William. It would be wonderful if—"

"Mind you," continued William. "I'm not saying that she can be cured. That would be for the doctor to decide. You see Mum, it's like this. I met a clever young doctor over there. He's an ear specialist and he's done wonderful things already in cases of deafness. Some needed an operation. Others didn't. There was a boy of seven who had been deaf from birth . . . never uttered a sound. Doctor Alexander found there was something wrong with a nerve in his ears, so he grafted a new piece of nerve in the boy's ear. Something like that . . . anyway . . . the boy regained his hearing and when I left they were teaching him to talk. Everyone was talking about it when I came away. It seemed it was the first operation of the kind to be performed in Australia."

This sounded to Mary Manly like the answer to her prayers. Baby Adeline no longer deal and dumb. It was too wonderful even to contemplate. "How old was this boy?" she asked.

"Seven," answered William. "Doc-

tor Alexander won't touch them till they've turned seven. That means Frank and Clara would have six years to decide what to do."

"Six years," said Mary. "It's a long time to wait. Still, I wouldn't mind waiting ten years if it were my child."

"Don't forget their baby may be a hopeless case," warned William.

His mother's face clouded for an instant, then she replied. "It would be worth trying. So far, neither Frank nor his wife have said anything about the baby's disability. But they must know. Every normal child chuckles and gurgles and crows. We didn't hear the poor little mite utter a single sound while Clara was staying here. The poor girl seemed to dread our making any reference to the baby's silence. That was why we said nothing at all about it. I thought it was kinder."

"Well," decided William, "when they do write and tell you that the baby is deaf, you can tell them about Doctor Alexander. I'll talk to Frank too. I'll persuade him to give Doctor Alexander a chance to see her. Of course it will cost a good bit."

"That's only a secondary consideration," said Mary. "Even if Frank hasn't the money, we can help. I'm sure Clara's people would do something also. We've never met them yet, but I know they're fairly well-to-do."

"Then it's settled," said William. "The baby must go to Sydney."

"Yes," agreed his mother. "When Adeline Mary is seven, Clara must take her to Australia, even if I have to pay the expenses out of my own purse."

(To be concluded.)

THE ROUGH RIDER

(Continued from Page 11)

sprinted on again. As it happened that part of his lunch consisted of cakes and scones which when the boar reached them and sniffed at them, he gratefully accepted. The fact that they were scattered about a bit gave Son an extra few seconds.

Quite close to the top, Son looked round and found the pig within a chain of his heels, so out went the last of his dinner in a heap. That was where he made his mistake. The last half consisted of pork sandwiches, wild pork at that, and after giving one sniff, the pig recognised the scent of a lady friend whom he had lately missed. With a "whoof" of rage, he accelerated and got to the top in time to see Son flying down hill, making for the trees.

One look and off went the pig in pursuit. Leaping and bounding like a stag, Son flew on. A big lawyer bush loomed up and with no time to go round it, Son took it like Brooklyn Song. Up he went, but coming down, he found himself astride the boar's back, the pig having gone straight through the bush. Jamming his feet

below the boar's ears with his toes against the tusks, Son swung his right hand round, got a grip of the tail—and now it was the pig's turn to go for its life. Downhill it careered, straight for the cliff, overlooking the river and it seemed that both would crash to death on the rocks below.

Half a chain from the bank, Son let go of the tail, jammed his feet hard against the tusks and threw himself backwards, landing on firm ground but unable to pull himself up until his head hung over the cliff where he saw the pig land with a bang on a big rock, bounce off and drop in the water.

For a minute after the tale was finished, no one spoke. Then Joe piped up: "Was that story all true, Son?" he said.

"True," said Son, "I'll prove it to you." And he bent down and pulled an old pair of boots from under his bunk. Each boot had a tear from the big toe to the head. "See these boots," he said, "That is how the pig's tusk ripped them when I had my feet jammed against them going downhill. Otherwise I would have gone over his head!"

IN THE DAYS BEFORE THE FIRST FOUR SHIPS

(Continued from Page 9)

racks were erected on the corner of Oxford Street—which runs up from the ferry wharf—and the Sumner road, to house two to three hundred people. Near them was built the house where Godley lived. Long after the barracks had vanished this house, remained—altered and patched, and it was demolished quite recently.

At the same time a start was made on the Bridle Path, by which the settlers were to cross from the port to the virgin plains beyond. Timber from Akaroa and Tasmania—then Van Diemen's Land—was brought for the wharves and buildings.

At the foot of Oxford Street a large jetty was built. Today its remains lie buried beneath the railway, crossing where the crossing-keeper stands at his duty.

Rapidly a small settlement sprang into being. Cottages and pre-fabricated inverted-V shaped shacks specially made in sections for the purpose in England, arose until some two dozen private dwellings stood around the barracks, the two hotels, the Customs' House and Pratt's store.

After a time many of these pioneers began to think that the Association's scheme would fall through, particularly when ships arrived direct from England with no news of the sailing of the Pilgrims' vessels. But at length came word that the Four Ships had definitely left on their long voyage to Lyttelton.

The Faithful Few

Godley hurried down from Wellington, with black tidings. The Association's finances were in such a bad way that he had been ordered to stop all public works immediately. The Maoris were returned to the north but many of the pakehas continued working, accepting goods from Captain Thomas's stores in lieu of money. These men, at least, had faith in the future of the colony.

Thus stood the little port then, with its jetty and its barracks and dwellings clustered around this central point, the Bridle Path winding uphill to the west and the beginnings of the Sumner road to the east, with bush up in the gullies and fern, toi-toi, flax and the inevitable tussock covering the lower slopes of the site of the future Lyttelton and each day, with the southern winds filling their sails, the First Four Ships drew nearer to the land in which their passengers were to found the rich province of Canterbury.

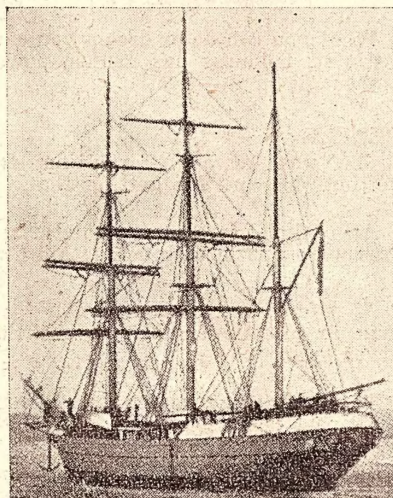
THE WRECK OF THE "MAY QUEEN"

Ross Galt's article on Canterbury shipwrecks ("THE PLAINSMAN," February, 1950) has created considerable interest. Several readers, including well-known contributor W. A. Taylor have supplied us with information on the wrecking of the "May Queen" at Lyttelton in 1888. That information is summarised here.

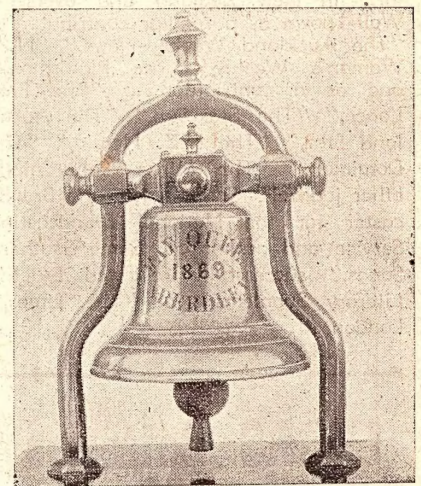
The "May Queen" was a barge of 730 tons. After making sixteen voyages to New Zealand she came to grief at Lyttelton in January, 1888, while in command of Captain G. G. Colville. When off Red Rock, midway between Little Port Cooper and Camp

Bay and close in shore, the vessel missed stays and ran upon a reef. No lives were lost, but all attempts to tow her off failed and the ship which originally cost £22,000 was sold for £275. The cargo, consisting of wines, spirits, fruit in hermetically sealed tanks, and a lot of valuable ironware, oils, drugs and drapery was sold by auction and purchased by Mr J. Mills, of Port Chalmers for £1000.

The fore and aft bells of the "May Queen" are still in Christchurch and in the words of Mr W. A. Taylor, "have fortunately not been taken to Wellington."



The "May Queen" sailing into Nelson harbour.



The fore bell of the wrecked ship.

—Photos: W. A. Taylor.



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By "FALSTAFF"

THE PLAINSMAN introduces a new section with "Falstaff" providing jokes, anecdotes, and small pieces of philosophy from his scrapbook. He invites you to join in by sending your contributions to this section. All items printed will be paid for at our standard rates.

THOUGHTS

For God's sake give me the young man with brains enough to make a fool of himself.—R. L. Stevenson.

* * *

A sense of humour enables us not so much to laugh at the people who provoke us, as to laugh at ourselves for being so easily provoked.

* * *

What you can do or dream you can, begin it; boldness has genius, power and magic in it.—Goethe.

* * *

PEOPLE

She was always forgetting—for getting this and for getting that.

* * *

An optimist is a man who starts a crossword puzzle with a fountain pen.

* * *

A wife is a real consolation to a man in all the troubles a bachelor never has.

* * *

The thing most women dread about their past is its length.

* * *

DEFINITIONS

POISE: The art of raising the eyebrows instead of the roof.

* * *

PARKING SPACE: A place where another car is parked.

* * *

ETC.: Sign used to make others think you know more than you really do.

* * *

CONFERENCE: A meeting of a group of men who singly can do nothing, but who collectively agree that nothing can be done.

HOME: A place where you take off your new shoes and put on your old manners.

* * *

STORIES

Nurse: "You wish to see the young man injured in the car accident? Are you the lady he was with?"

Girl: "Yes, I thought it would only be fair to give him the kiss he was trying for."

* * *

The landlady brought in a plateful of extremely thin slices of bread, which rather dismayed her hungry men boarders.

"Did you cut these, Mrs Brown?" asked one.

"Yes, I cut them," was the stern reply.

"All right," retorted the boarder. "I'll deal."

* * *

With her hand on the light switch, the little woman interrupted her interminable chatter to inquire, "Is everything shut up for the night, dear?"

From out of the darkness came hubby's patient reply: "Everything else, dear."

Now, see what contributions you can make to Falstaff's "Scrapbook." Send in true stories of your own experiences, sayings of your own children, or items from your own scrapbook. Address all contributions to the Editor, "The Plainsman," Box 233, Christchurch.

CENTENNIAL QUIZ ANSWERS

1. Whatley Rd. 2. 1858. 3. December 25th, 1894. T. C. Fyfe, J. M. Clarke, George Graham. Aorangi. The Cloud Piercer. 4. 1950. Papanui to Christchurch Railway. 5. The top of the Cathedral Spire was dislodged by an earthquake. 6. 6½ years.

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